

DETAILS

Inside
the Strange
(and Secretive)
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OF A
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THE FASHION ISSUE

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WAYS
TO GET
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CAN YOU
LOOK
YOUNGER
JUST BY
POPPING
A PILL?

THE HARDEST-
WORKING
MAN IN PORN



The Most
Underappreciated
Actor in Hollywood
Might Also Be
the Most Talented



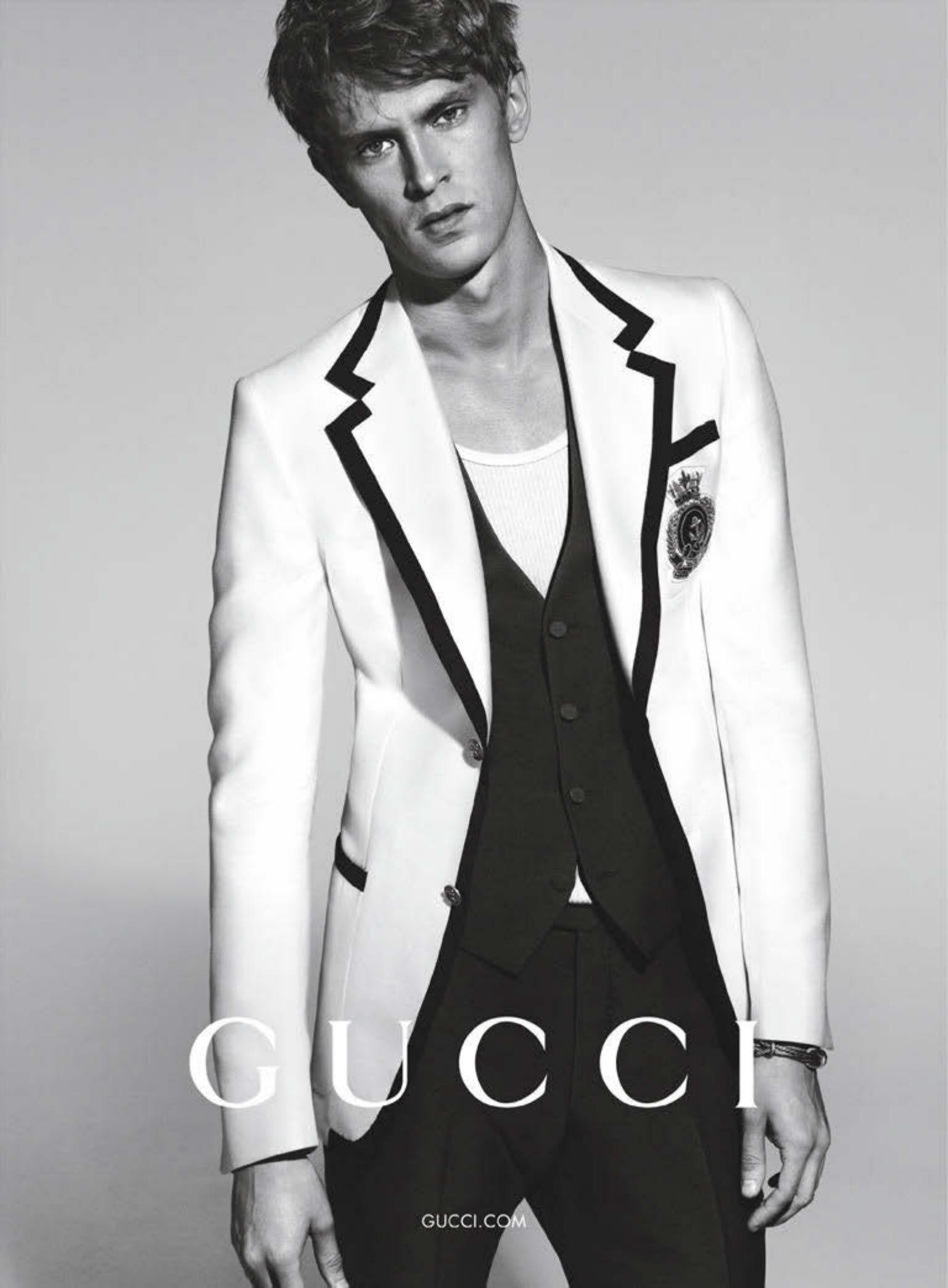


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Ethan Hawke
New York, November 2014





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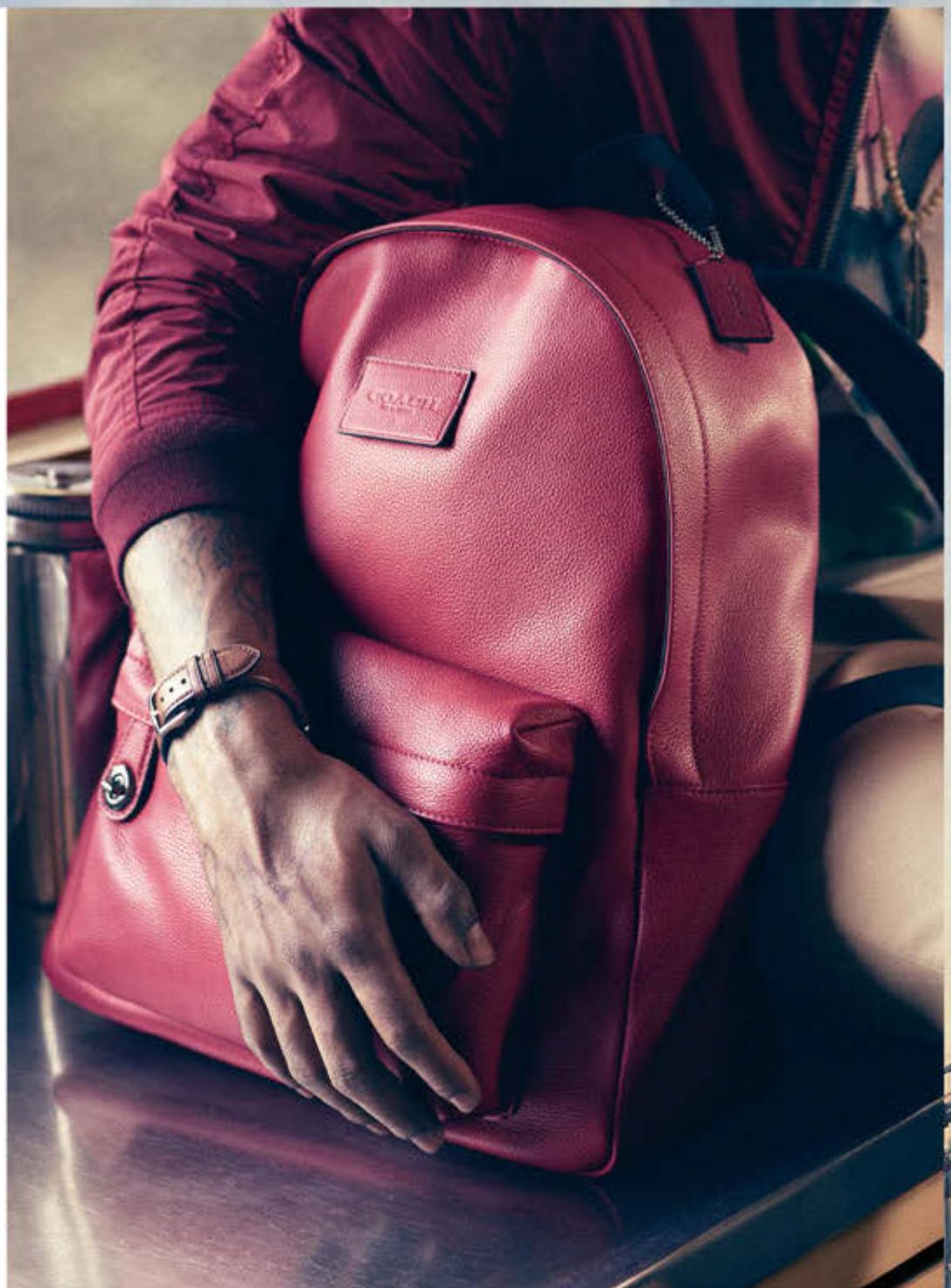
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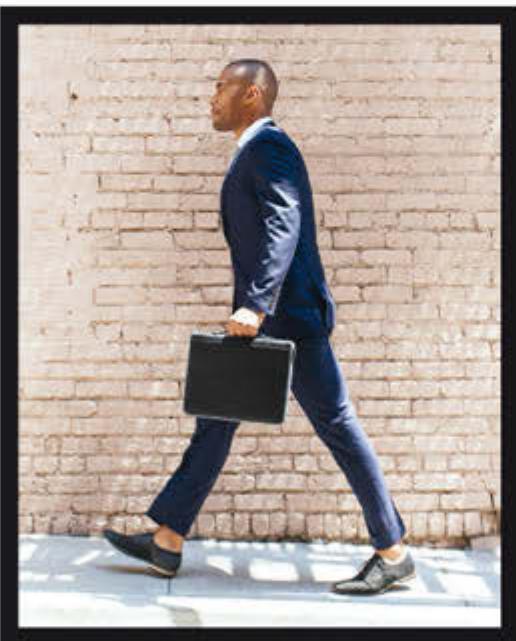




Coach Dreamers

Kid Cudi / Recording Artist and Actor
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Nylon Aviator in red
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An Italian Travel Diary - The Glass House

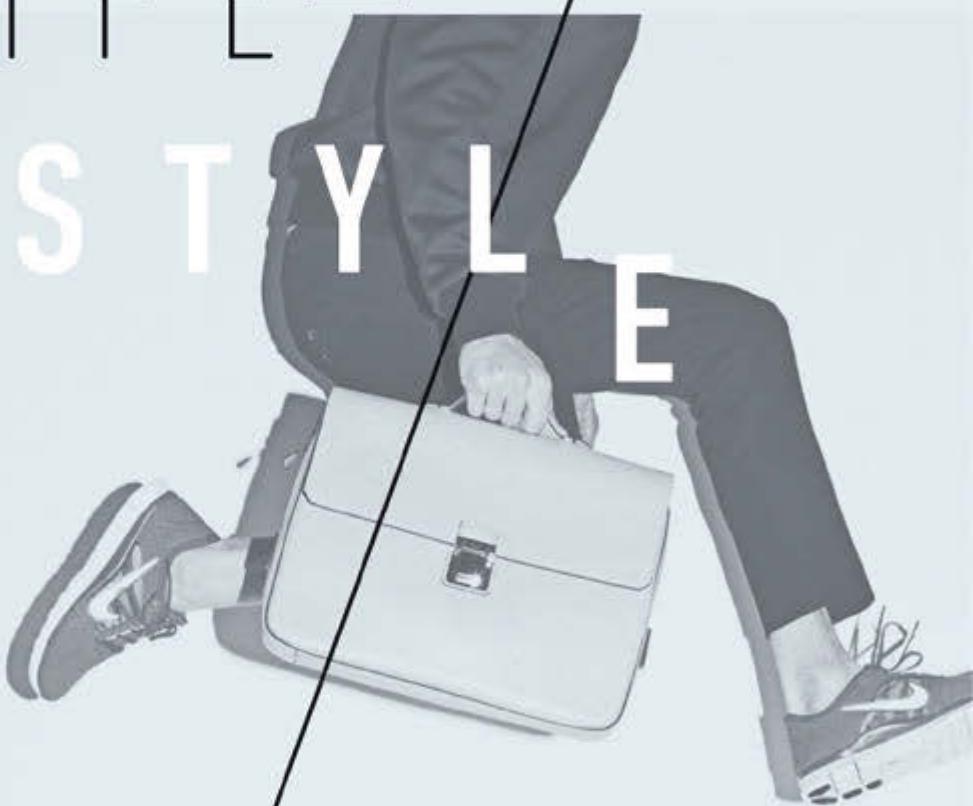


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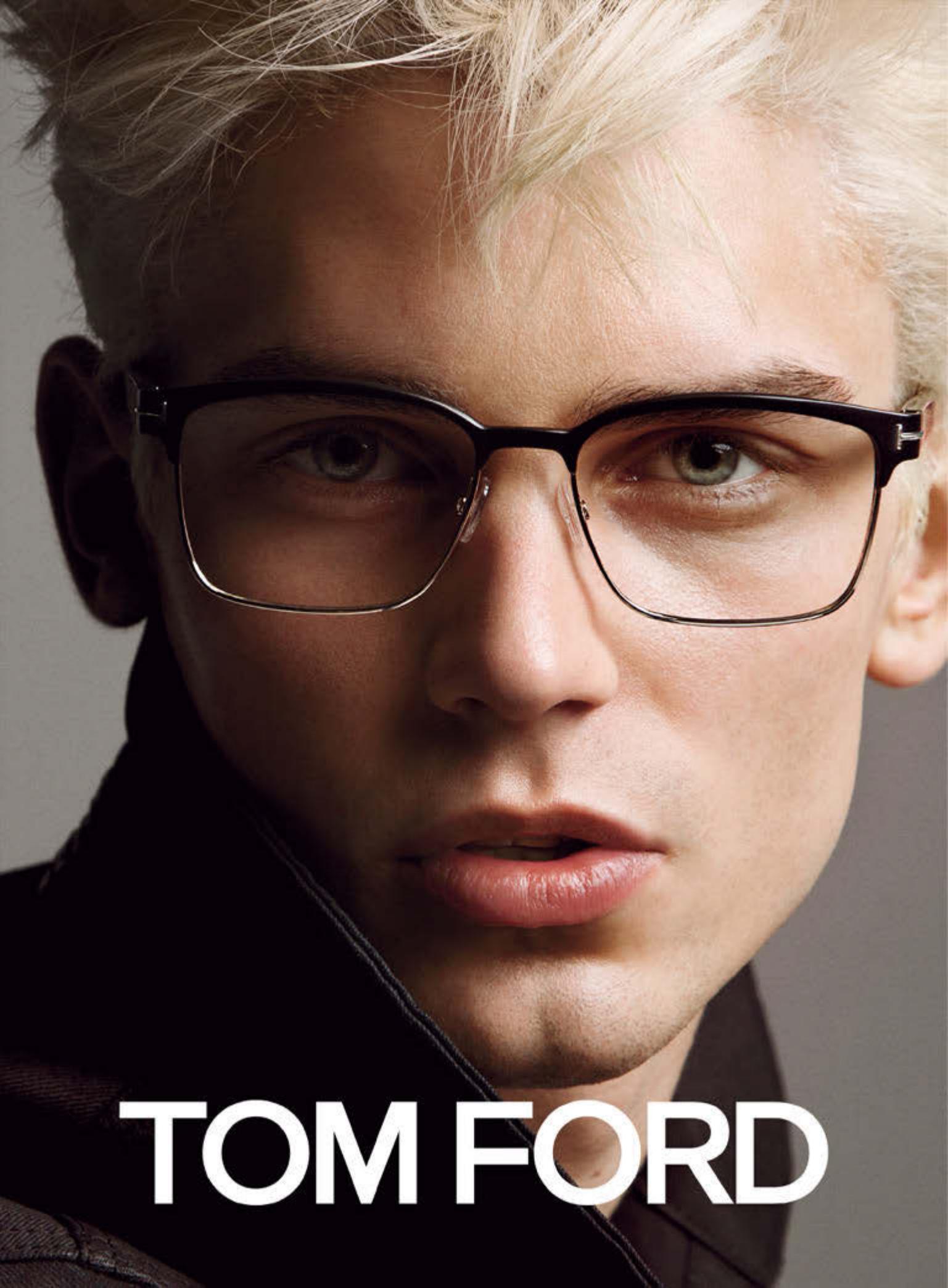
*Men's Collection
Spring / Summer 2015*

Belvest
MADE IN ITALY



A close-up photograph of a pair of dark denim jeans. A white rectangular leather label is attached to the waistband on the left side. The label has "TOM FORD" printed on it in a serif font. A metal belt loop is visible above the label. The jeans have a visible seam and stitching along the waistband and fly area.

TOM FORD



TOM FORD



VOLUME 33 ISSUE 05

FEATURES

162 | BIG IN JAPAN

Thirty-five-year-old Shimiken is the brightest star in Japan's booming \$20 billion porn industry, but he says he has a problem: With only 70 male actors available to service 10,000 actresses and churn out thousands of films per year, demand is exceeding what even the most virile stud can supply.

Can one man carry a nation's libido?

By Paige Ferrari

174 | THE STRANGE (AND SECRETIVE) WORLD OF SILICON VALLEY REAL ESTATE

As today's tech titans build underground mansions, buy up their neighbors' homes to create buffer zones, and even redevelop entire towns to suit their personal tastes, they're disrupting all our notions of the mansion as status signifier of the megarich.

An inside look at their under-the-radar luxe life.

By Max Chafkin

190 | THE RAPID RISE (AND RISE AND RISE) OF ANSEL ELGORT

The strapping young star of YA blockbusters *The Fault in Our Stars* and *Divergent* and this month's *Insurgent* is the very definition of a tween dream. The preternaturally gifted actor is a social-media savant and, performing as his EDM alter

ego Ansolo, a beat-dropper par excellence to boot. At just 20, Elgort is already graduating from prodigy and prospect to powerhouse and proper leading man. As they say, youth is served.

By Howie Kahn

FASHION

150 | HIGH POINTE

Wardrobe basics are reinvigorated by the

fluid movements of dance. The result is a fresh take on tees, tanks, and button-downs.

Photographs by Mark Seliger

168 | THE SOFTER SIDE

Lose the hard edges this spring with a range of crushable carryalls that still keep a classic shape.

Photographs by Martin Vallin

COVER Photograph by Mark Seliger. Styling by Mel Ottenberg. Clothing by Prada. T-shirt, stylist's own.

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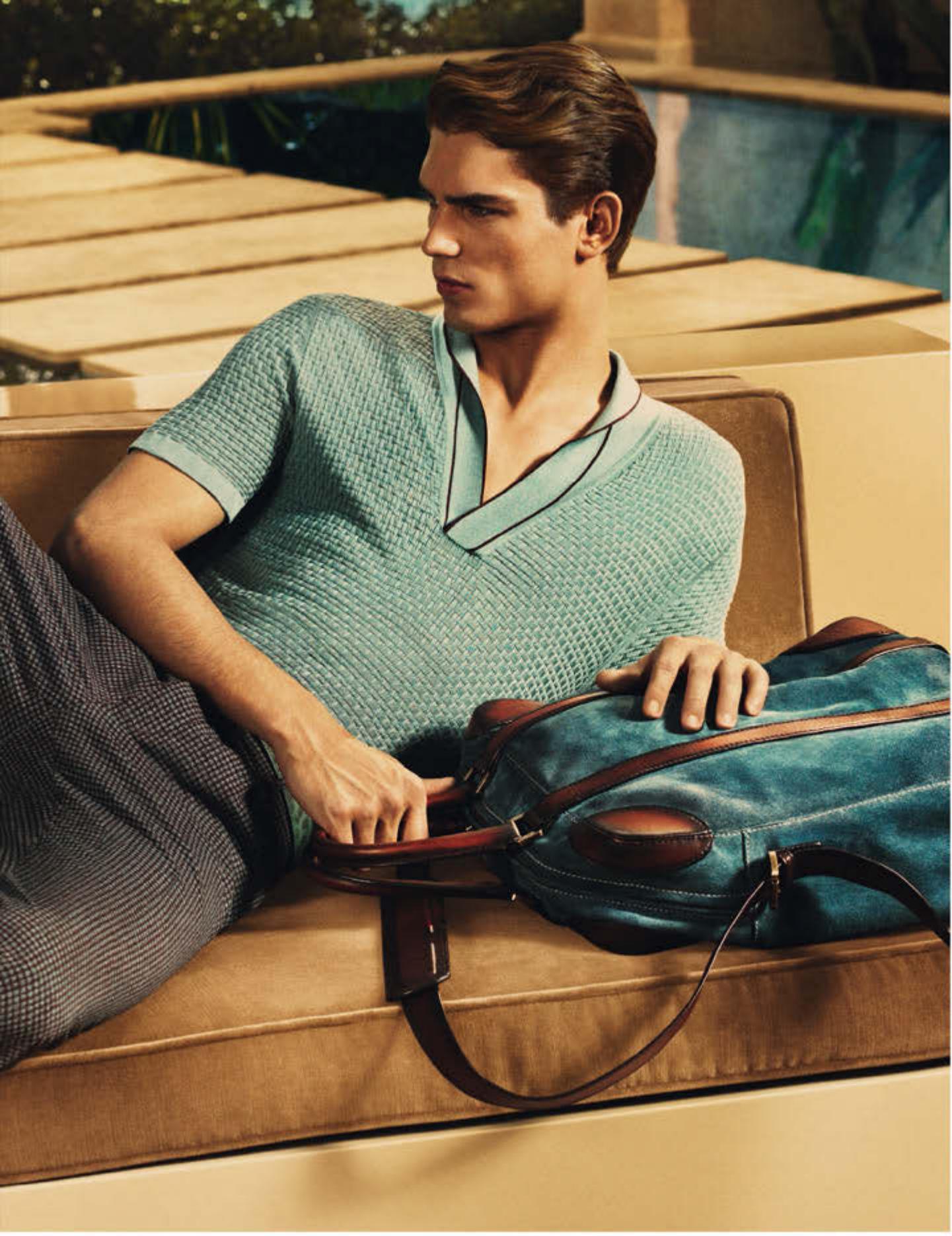
A new class of bags prove that structure can be overrated.





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EVERYTHING TRENDING IN MENSWEAR. HERE, FOUR CONTRIBUTORS
TELL US HOW THEY ARE SUITING UP THIS SPRING.



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"For spring, I go for cropped pants with a sleek pair of shoes and no socks. It gives the more traditional ensemble a dapper spin."

SUIT: THEORY

@DAPPERLOU ↵

"A tailored suit leaves room for conversation."

SUIT: ZARA

@MARCUSTROY ←

"Inspired by Tokyo and its acute sense of style, I've decided to wear a kimono over my suit to give it more character. Layering is a very important part of my style cues."

SUIT: TIGER OF SWEDEN

@MANCHIC ↵

"A pop of color never hurt anybody, right? Dare to be bold by wearing a full patterned suit."

SUIT: MR. TURK



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An image from the expanded reissue of *Uncommon Places* by Stephen Shore.

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Statement-making suits in electric blue, burgundy, and even canary yellow ensure you'll never get lost in the crowd. Photographs by Billy Kidd

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Are nutricosmetics—pills and potables that promise better looks in a single swallow—for real?

146 | BAD BEHAVIOR

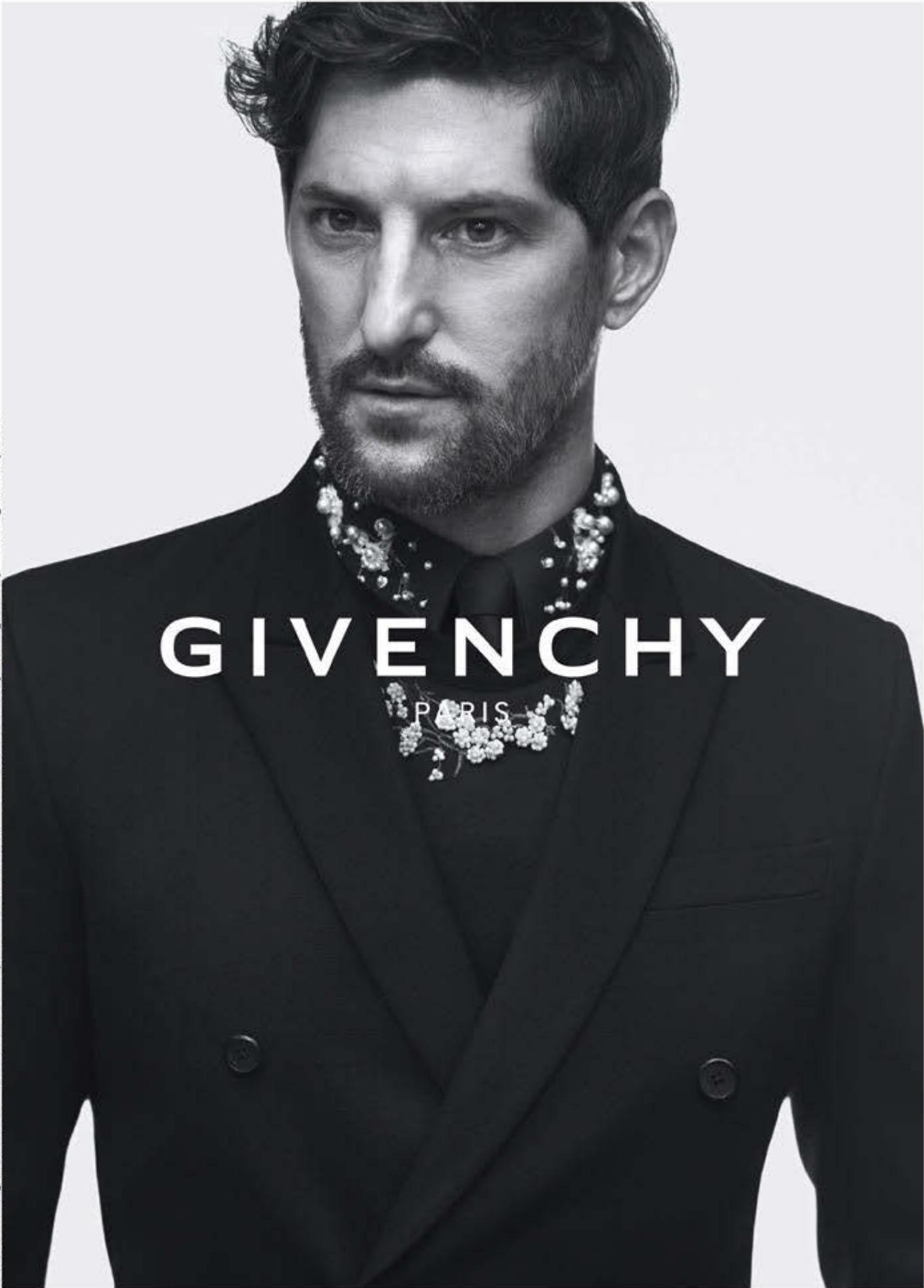
Here's what really happens to your body while you're binge-watching *House of Cards* (and yes, it will make you fat).

LAST WORD

204 | SHOULD YOU... GO TO SXSW?

Alabama Shakes and Twitter took off there, but is it worth the trek? We weigh the pros and cons of heading to Austin this month.

By Mark Yarm



GIVENCHY

PARIS



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EXCLUSIVE VIDEO: **INSURGENT**
STAR ANSEL ELGORT ON GOOD
SONGS, BAD GIFTS, AND HOW
TO TAP-DANCE IN WORK BOOTS

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**1 / Mark Seliger**

PHOTOGRAPHER,
“FASHION: HIGH
POINTE,” P. 150, “THE
RAPID RISE (AND RISE
AND RISE) OF ANSEL
ELGORT,” P. 190, AND
“A CONVERSATION
WITH RICCARDO
TISCI,” P. 124

Behind the scenes:

“With Ansel, we shot him at a pizza shop in Brooklyn at around 6 A.M., and there wasn’t any pizza, but he somehow persuaded the owner to give him a cannoli. I was amazed at how quickly he wolfed that thing down—said it was the best cannoli he’d ever had.”

Culture fix: “Nothing put a bigger smile on my face than seeing Pina Bausch’s *Kontakthof* at the Brooklyn Academy of Music this past fall.”

Go-to drink: “Mezcal, a splash of lime juice, rocks on the side.”

Social-media platform: Instagram—@markseligier
Bona fides: Seliger, the former chief photographer at *Rolling Stone*, regularly shoots covers for *Details* and has published eight books of his work.

2 / Kayleen Schaefer

WRITER, “THE
BODY: YOU’RE SO
VEIN,” P. 137

Behind the scenes:

“I knew veins were a thing, but they used to be for bodybuilders. Now it’s the guy with the lean, taut body who wants them, so it’s a different way of showing off. It shows you how

guys are into these workouts that get your body fat down to nothing.”

Listening to on repeat: “‘Jealous’ by Nick Jonas. Which is embarrassing, for everyone.”

Go-to drink:

“Champagne. Moët, if it’s around.”

Next big purchase:

“I’d really like to take my 70-year-old mom to Tokyo. She’s never been to Asia.”

Social-media platform: Twitter—kayleener

Bona fides: Schaefer, a former staff writer at *Details*, has written for the *New York Times*, *Vogue*, and *ESPN The Magazine*.

3 / Nicholas Prakas

**PHOTOGRAPHER,
STYLE-SECTION
MODELS,
STARTING P. 115**

Behind the scenes:

“Shooting in Williamsburg can be a challenge—it’s evolving from aluminum-sided row houses to shiny new condos, so it can be tough to get the right background.”

Culture fix: “*The Leftovers*—I watched it twice.”

Can’t live without: “My custom-leather sandals from Athens, Greece.”

Social-media platform: Instagram—@prakas

Bona fides: Prakas has shot campaigns for Ermenegildo Zegna, Kenneth Cole, and Steven Alan.

4 / Candice Rainey

WRITER, “STYLE:
A CONVERSATION
WITH RICCARDO
TISCI,” P. 124

Behind the scenes:

“Tisci pretty much embodies what male sexiness should be at this very second. When straight guys who don’t know Tom Ford from Thom Browne are asking me to ask Tisci about the Nikes he’s designed, that’s when you know a designer’s hit critical mass.”

Signature outfit:

“Black jeans, cashmere sweater, and heels that are borderline absurd but expensive, so they don’t read stripperish.”

Listening to on repeat:

“Fleetwood Mac’s *Tusk*—the entire record from front to back is brilliant.”

Bona fides: Rainey is the deputy editor of *Details*.

5 / Martin Vallin

**PHOTOGRAPHER,
“FASHION: THE
SOFTER SIDE,” P. 168**

Behind the scenes:

“Since [the bags] had such minimal structure, we angled them on their corners—it creates a tension between their softness and the sharp lines of the set.”

Signature outfit:

“A pair of Kris Van Assche pants that I refuse to throw away and an Alexander Wang sweater.”

Culture fix: “I just started *The Most Dangerous Book: The Battle for James Joyce’s Ulysses* by

Kevin Birmingham.”

Guilty pleasure:

“Sneaking off to the skate park.”

Social-media platform:

Instagram—@martinvallin

Bona fides: Vallin’s photographs have appeared in *Du Jour* and *T: The New York Times Style Magazine*.

6 / Paige Ferrari

WRITER, “BIG IN
JAPAN,” P. 162

Behind the scenes:

“I was impressed by how gentlemanly Shimiken is. On our last interview, he took me to one of Tokyo’s nicest restaurants—I never expected to share such a fancy dinner with a porn star and still see no action.”

Listening to on repeat:

“Old Shoes” by Tom Waits.”

Go-to drink: “When you need to warm up your insides: a Kir Royal mixed with honey, ginger, rye whiskey, bitters, lemon juice, and chartreuse. Straight up.”

Social-media platform:

Twitter—paigeferrari

Bona fides: Ferrari has contributed to *New York*, *The New York Times Magazine*, and *Slate*.



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INSIDE THE SPRING FASHION ISSUE

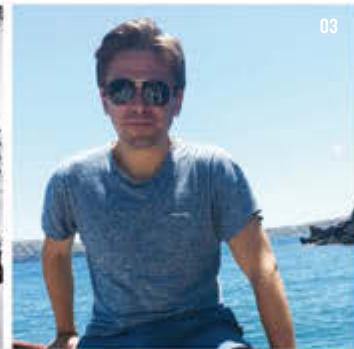
EVERY MARCH, WE PREVIEW THE CUTTING-EDGE TRENDS THAT WILL GUIDE YOUR SARTORIAL CHOICES THROUGH THE WARM-WEATHER MONTHS TO COME. HERE, OUR FASHION TEAM PROVIDES AN INSIDE LOOK AT WHAT IT TAKES—FROM CAREFUL CURATION AND CREATIVE VISION TO TEAMWORK AND LOGISTICAL ACUMEN—TO PULL IT OFF.



01



02



03



04

1 / Matthew Marden FASHION DIRECTOR

"I'm really into the whole stripes thing happening this spring, and I think Eugene nailed the styling in that story ["Fall in Line," p. 198]. Eugene, Justin, Katelyn, and I all work together to curate the most important fashion messages for our reader. We're

constantly shooting everything at once, so it's all hands on deck, and that environment isn't for everyone, but I love working this way and can't imagine doing it without them. We curate everything we see and present it to a reader who is confident, stylish, and, most important, living a life in which these pieces work."

2 / Eugene Tong STYLE DIRECTOR

"I am hyped on the entire Simplified Dressing package

["How to Simplify Your Look," p. 115]. We were able to take an overarching theme within menswear and break it down with specific trends from spring/summer—stuff like monochromatic dressing and mixing up proportions. Between that and our fashion stories, I think there's a great snapshot here of what's to come in the next few months. There's something for every sartorial level."

3 / Justin Berkowitz SENIOR MARKET EDITOR

"In the middle of the run-through for our ballet story ["High Pointe," p. 150], Ben Sturgill, the stylist, brought up a good point: We were planning to shoot male dancers doing the leaps and stretches that they'd normally only do in their own practice gear or their costumes. Ben raised the issue that we might have a problem if the guys jumped a little too hard and split a seam in the

trousers. Fortunately, no clothing was harmed in the production of this story."

4 / Katelyn Cervini FASHION ASSISTANT

"The March issue is always a busy time, but especially in the fashion closet. There are racks upon racks of clothing taking over the depart-

ment's space, and while we were shooting this issue, we were also preparing for the magazine's move to the World Trade Center. We had to move the racks into the hallway, moving boxes were piled up in the closet, and huge crates were constantly getting shoved into our space. This was all happening as more pieces arrived daily for shoots. There was barely any room to walk around and get the clothes."



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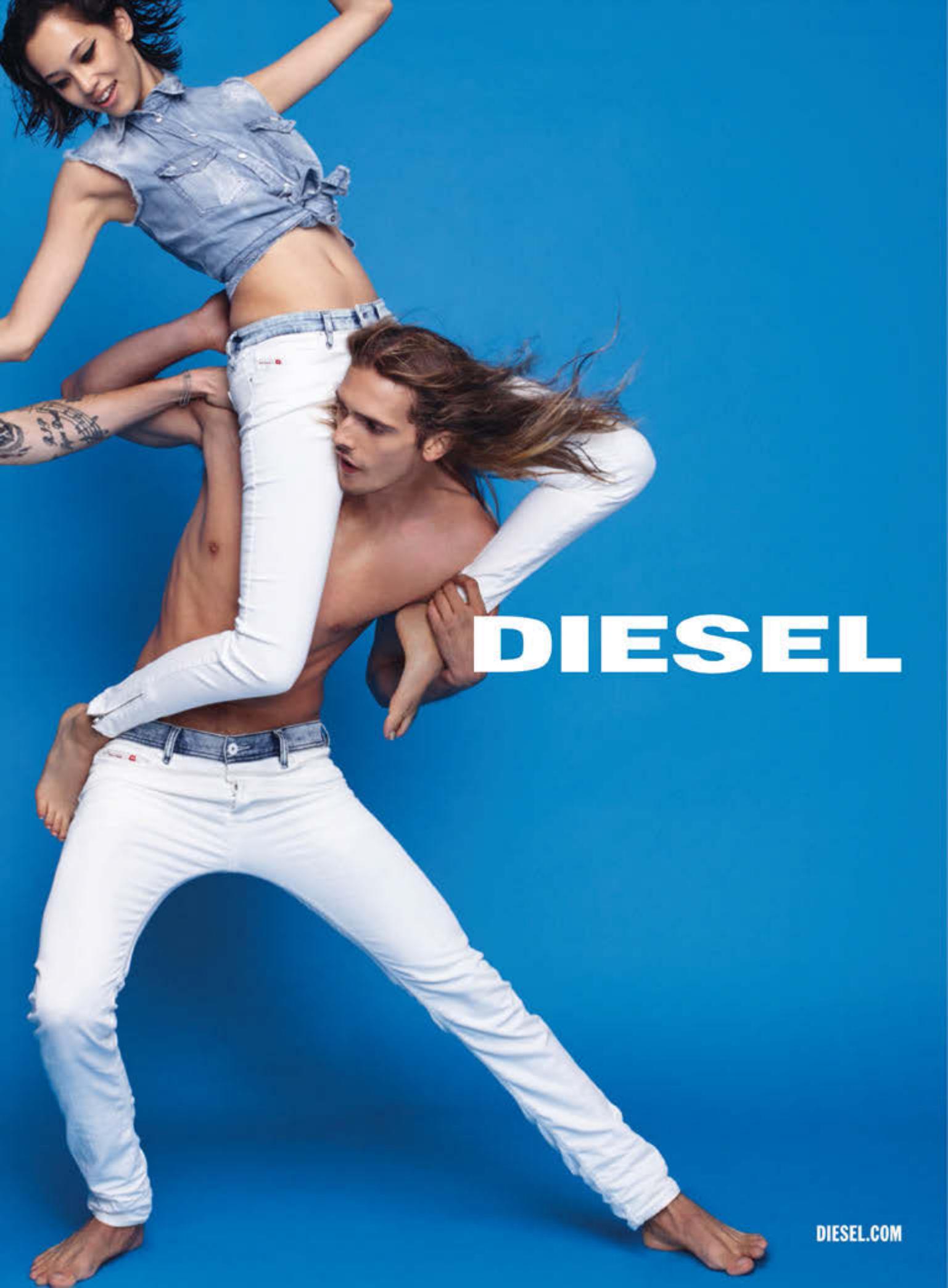
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#DIESELHIGH

A dynamic advertisement for Diesel. A man and a woman are captured in mid-air against a solid blue background. The man, with long brown hair, wears white long-sleeved shirts and white jeans, performing a backflip. The woman, with dark hair, wears a light blue denim vest over a white top and white jeans, also in motion. The Diesel logo is prominently displayed in large white letters across the center of the image.

DIESEL

DIESEL.COM



Maverick Man

"Props to you guys for having Johnny front the Mavericks issue ["Hollywood Mavericks: The Anti-Leading Man," by Alex Bhattacharji, December 2014/January 2015]. I've had my doubts about him over the years (and yeah, most of them involve his covering himself in greasepaint), but he never plays it too safe, which is why I think he's still worth watching."

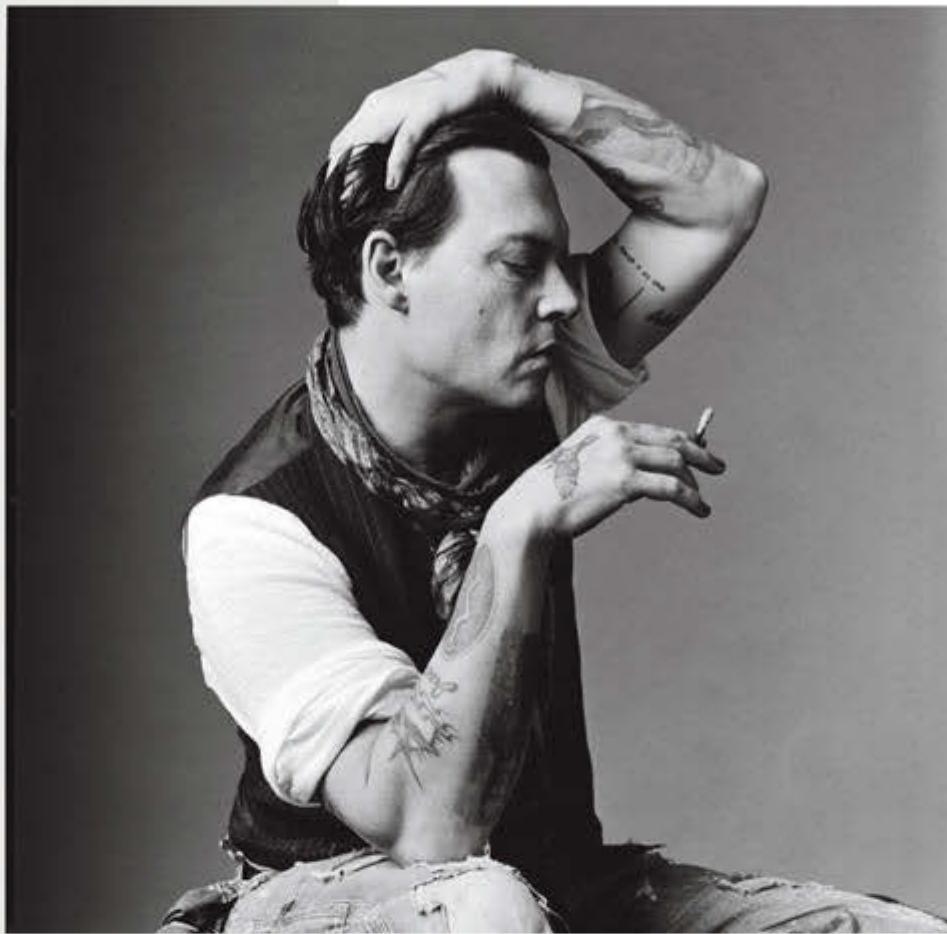
STANLEY A., VIA E-MAIL

"I've followed Johnny Depp's career since *Edward Scissorhands*, and it's always cool to see that he's still making interesting choices. He's not traditional Hollywood, which makes him the perfect choice for a Mavericks cover. More Depp in 2015, *Details*!"

ANNE PALLEY, VIA E-MAIL

"Great interview, great photographs, great Depp."

POST BY HAMMSTER



Model Behavior

IN ONE OF OUR MOST LIKED INSTAGRAMS FROM DECEMBER 2014, BRAZILIAN MODEL FRANCISCO LACHOWSKI WEARS CALVIN KLEIN, ONE OF 18 LOOKS FROM OUR SPRING FASHION PREVIEW FOR DETAILS.COM.

Check out @chico_lachowski shot and styled by @matthew_marden exclusively for details.com. #malemodels #menswear

The Great Dunham Debate

Our appraisal of the millennial mouthpiece behind *Girls* left readers divided ["Should You . . . Embrace Lena Dunham?" by Laura Bolt, December 2014/January 2015], but one Facebook exchange proved that sometimes the answer to a question all depends on its phrasing.

“YES. THE ANSWER IS ALWAYS YES.” —TORITO PEREZ

“NAH, I'M COOL.” —MANUEL CARDENAS

“ONLY IF SHE GIVES YOU PERMISSION.” —JOE PEACH

Submissions to Details should include the writer's name, address, and daytime phone number and be sent by e-mail to DetailsLetters@condenast.com or by mail to One World Trade Center, New York, NY 10007. Submissions may be edited for length and clarity and may be published or used in any medium. All submissions become the property of the publication and will not be returned.



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PARTY

FOUNDER'S DINNER

Our 'Founder's Dinner,' brought together influencers from the fashion, technology, retail and culinary worlds at the Samsung Signature House in New York. Guests at the private penthouse included Rus Yusupov, co-founder of Vine; Dennis Crowley, founder of foursquare; Steven Alan, founder of Steven Alan; Maxwell Osborne and Dao-Yi Chow, co-founders of Public School; Jeff Raider, founder of Harry's, and more. Dinner was prepared using Samsung's Chef Collection – an ultra high-tech suite of premium kitchen appliances designed in collaboration with Michelin star-rated chefs including Daniel Boulud.



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OBJECTS OF DESIRE

The Connected Home

1. Mother and Motion Cookies

These sensors can be scattered around your house to keep track of anything from your sleep to your coffee consumption to how many steps you're taking in a day. \$300; [sen.se](#)

2. Wally Home Leaks suck. Place this sensor wherever—in a window, under the sink, in the basement—and you'll be alerted if water is detected. \$300; [wallyhome.com](#)

3. Nexus Player and Gamepad

This hockey-puck-like device that connects to your TV will give you access to Netflix and Hulu as well as hundreds of video games available at the Google Play store. \$140; [play.google.com](#)

4. Withings Aura Via an unnoticeable pad that goes under your mattress, the Aura will track your heart rate, movement, and breathing to give you insight on getting the best sleep possible. \$300; [withings.com](#)

5. Sonos Play:1

Plug it in, connect to Wi-Fi, and start streaming your entire music library or playlists from any service (Spotify, Pandora, TuneIn Radio), all controllable from your laptop or smartphone. \$200; [sonos.com](#)

6. Keen Home Smart Vent Yes, adjusting a vent from a smartphone is better on the knees, but the real bonus is being able to keep each room at an optimal temperature automatically. \$85; [keenhome.io](#)

7. Chamberlain MyQ Garage Pair this device with Wi-Fi and you'll never have to second guess whether you remembered to close your garage door. \$130; [chamberlain.com](#)

8. Withings Home This camera lets you access a crisp, wide, HD image of your space from any Apple device. It'll record movements or noises that it detects and allows you to flip through them at the end of the day. \$200; [withings.com](#)





09

10



11



12



13



14



15



9. Edyn Garden Sensor Meet the wunderkind sensor that will take stock of your environment, recommend which plants will thrive in it, and even water them. When it's time to pluck those heirloom tomatoes, you'll get an alert on your phone. \$160 with the *Edyn Water Valve*; edyntech.com

10. Wink Relay Touchscreen Controller Think of this as a genius light switch—it lets you control your smart home sans phone. \$300; wink.com

11. GE Link Bulb Program these energy-efficient LED bulbs to come on when you walk in the front door or pull into your driveway. \$15; quirky.com

12. Philips Hue Tweak the color, tone, and brightness of the Hue with an intuitive app. Choose anything on the spectrum, from white to red to dark purple, to match your decor or your mood. \$60; meethue.com

13. BeON On vacation and want to give the impression that somebody's home? BeON bulbs learn your day-to-day lighting patterns and will simulate them when you're away. They'll even work if there's a power outage. \$239 for a set of three; store.beonhome.com

14. Tabü Lumen This bulb wants to party. In addition to changing colors as you see fit, it can blink to the beat of music and flash red if you have a phone call coming in. \$70; lumenbulb.net

15. August Smart Lock Let out-of-town friends in without having to hide a key under a potted plant. Just send an invite to a smartphone; the lock senses when they're near, and in they go. Plus, you'll never have to dig through your pocket for keys again. \$250; august.com

16. Nest Protect The smartest smoke and carbon-monoxide detector there is. Toast burning? The Protect will say, "Heads up, there's smoke in the kitchen." Real fire? It'll tell you the best way to exit your home. \$100; nest.com

"WHEN TECHNOLOGY ENTERS A HOME, THE REFERENCE POINT IN TERMS OF EASE IS THE LIGHT SWITCH. ANYTHING MORE COMPLICATED IS GOING TO HAVE A HARD TIME PLEASING EVERYONE. THE PRODUCTS NEED TO BE INTERESTING AND BEAUTIFUL, BUT THE MAIN THING IS DISCRETION. WE'RE NOT LOOKING FOR OBJECTS THAT SAY 'LOOK AT ME!'"

—Yves Béhar, founder of the industrial-design firm Fuseproject and CCO of August (which made the smart lock above)



DIOR HOMME COLOGNE



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DIOR HOMME COLOGNE



Lift to discover
Dior Homme
Eau for Men



PARTY

A TOAST TO LONDON COLLECTIONS: MEN

British fashion designers Joe and Charlie Casely-Hayford, the father-and-son team behind label Casely-Hayford, hosted a cocktail party at the London EDITION Hotel following their FW15 show. Guests joined the design duo, known for their streetwear-meets-Savile Row aesthetic at Punch Room, an intimate space inspired by London's nineteenth-century private clubs. The party was attended by VIPs and friends of the house including television presenters Laura Whitmore, Darren Kennedy, and Poppy Jamie; models Robert Korjic and Jack Guinness; designer Lou Dalton; photographer Alistair Guy; and Caroline Rush, Chief Executive of the British Fashion Council.

1. Robert Korjic, Andrew Davis, Jack Guinness 2. Adam Shapiro, Eugene Tong, Josh Peskowitz 3. Erica Pelosini 4. Betty Bachz, Martina Bijorn, Joe Casely-Hayford, Alistair Guy 5. Diana Chire, Nik Thakkar 6. Charlie Casely-Hayford, Jack Guinness 7. Jim Chapman, Darren Kennedy 8. Alice Casely-Hayford, Laura Whitmore



Say Shalom to Modern Israeli Cuisine

If there's a defining characteristic of the Israeli-food boom happening right now, it's that it pulls inspiration from all over the Middle East. Take Shaya, in New Orleans, where you can slurp traditional matzo-ball soup with Moroccan spices like star anise and allspice. It's true that Israeli food has always gone "beyond hummus," says Steve Cook, who, with chef-partner Michael Solomonov, helped introduce the modern Jewish state's cooking to the United States at Philadelphia's Zahav. But now, with the prevalence of fresh local ingredients, chefs are shunning store-bought shortcuts and instead opting for innovation. (In New York City, try the short ribs at Einat Admony's Bar Bolonat, which uses couscous as an unlikely base, or head to Mile End Deli, which serves seared cauliflower with honey-harissa-tahini sauce.) They're also elevating the classics, fetishizing falafel—it was inevitable, right?—in the same way that others have the burger, the taco, and pizza. Sara Kramer and Sarah Hymanson prefer a homemade Iraqi flatbread called laffa over pita at their Los Angeles falafel stand, Madcapra. "It helps control the ratio of falafel to sauce and salad in each bite," Kramer says. Now, that's progress.



MIDDLE EAST FEAST: The \$40 tasting menu at Mile End Deli in New York City includes spicy lamb merguez sausage (top left corner), Moroccan matbucha salad (above the soda can), and a deconstructed baba ghanouj (bottom left corner) whose elements aren't blended together—"a baba that's not a baba," says chef Eli Sussman.





E T R O

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A 1995 NSX (above); the 2016 reincarnation (right) will be built at a new performance facility in Ohio.



A Nineties Icon That's 2 Legit 2 Quit

WHEN ACURA LAUNCHED THE NSX IN 1990, A GENRE WAS BORN: THE EVERYDAY SUPERCAR. OXYMORON? Hyperbole? Maybe, but the NSX supplemented the comfort and reliability Honda is known for with the racing-inspired technology and exotic aesthetic of the era's six-figure Ferraris and Lamborghinis. Which is to say: It was a revelation. In 2005, however, Acura's priorities shifted, and it stopped making the car and focused on more mainstream products. Consequently, the company's street cred and sales slipped.

Now Acura is rebooting the NSX (orders will be accepted this summer), thanks to Honda's CEO, who was looking for a new flagship vehicle for the brand; he had a particular attachment to the NSX, since he was a chassis engineer on the original. It enters a crowded field of cars that trace their heritage, in part, to the first version: the 2015 Corvette Z06, the 2016 Mercedes-AMG GT and Audi R8, and the rumored Toyota FT1. Ironically, NSX chief engineer Ted Klaus says he and his team "benchmarked" cars like these when tuning the new NSX. "We did *san gen shugi* research, which means 'to go to the location, touch the parts,'" he says. (In plain English: The team bought the cars and drove them. Hard.) Klaus kept the NSX's original mid-engine V6 layout but upgraded the engine with two turbochargers and three battery-powered electric motors to provide more than 550 horsepower, about what's in the Ferrari 458 and the Lamborghini Huracán, which cost almost double the 2016 NSX's estimated \$150,000 price tag. The NSX may not be defining new classifications anymore, but it's still a category killer.



BACKSTORY

How F1 Legend Ayrton Senna Helped Make the Original NSX

Credit Brazilian racing legend Ayrton Senna with the original NSX's precision handling. Senna drove for McLaren-Honda's Formula One team, and he tested a prototype of the NSX while competing in Japan in 1989 (Senna died at age 34 during a race in 1994; he's the subject of the excellent 2010 documentary *Senna*). "We tried to understand how he felt about the car," says Ryōji Tsukamoto, chief chassis engineer for the original and the new NSX. Senna didn't think the body was rigid enough, which hampered the car's ability to provide a driver with the most honest feedback. So engineers stiffened the chassis to make the NSX more responsive—allowing for what Senna, says NSX chief engineer Ted Klaus, called "transcendental driving."

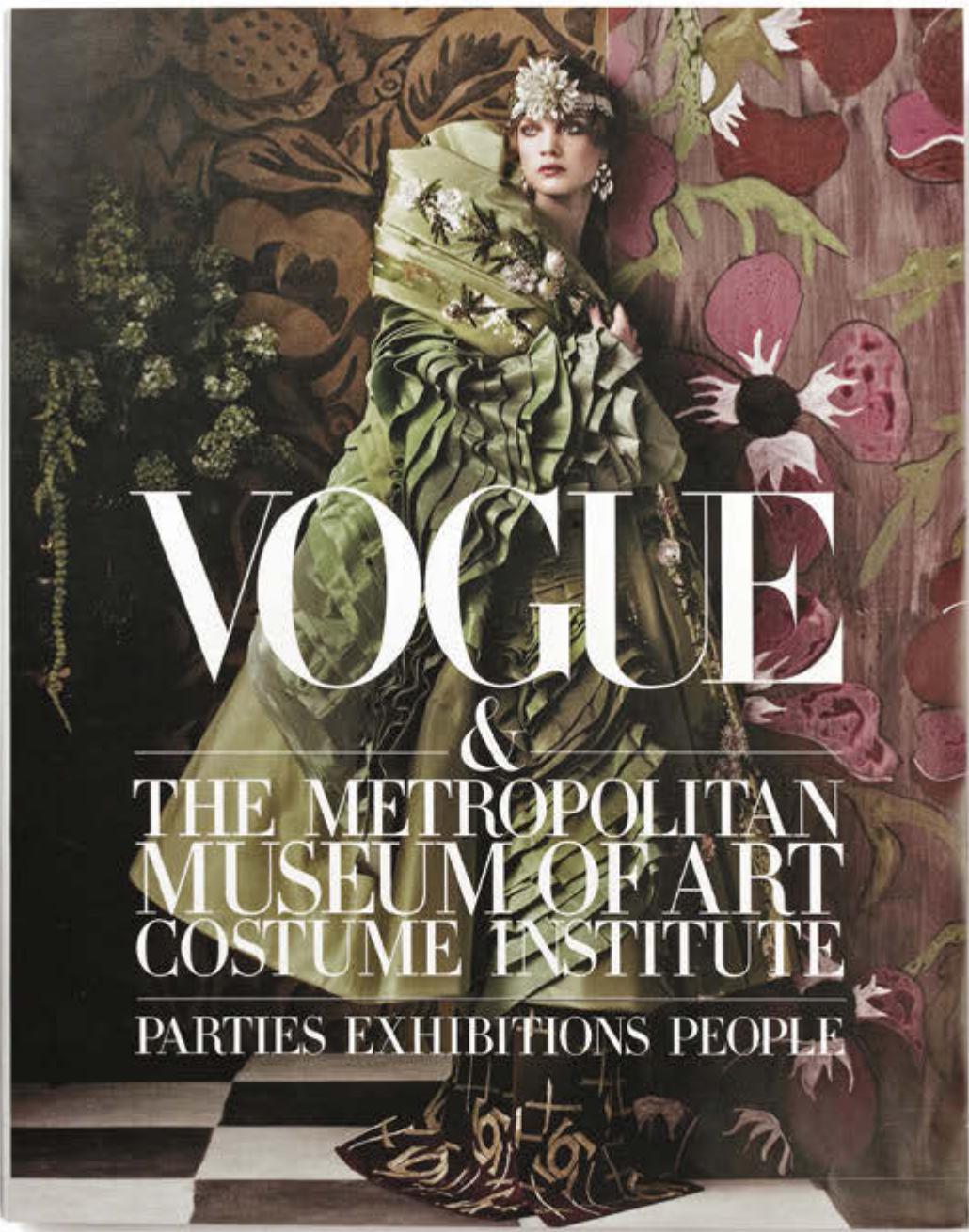


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The Metropolitan Museum of Art's annual Costume Institute exhibition
and gala are among the fashion world's most spectacular events.

Now *Vogue* takes you inside, with in-depth stories and stunning photographs.

By Hamish Bowles

Foreword by Thomas P. Campbell

Introduction by Anna Wintour

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BY MONICA KHEMSUROV

Northern Exposure: Canada's Design Boom

On the list of Canada's biggest exports—Justin Bieber, maple syrup, Swedish Fish (yes, they're made in Ontario)—design has never ranked particularly high. But that's about to change: Young Canucks are blazing a new trail, putting out work sophisticated enough to rival that of any European studio, then sending it our way thanks to big-name brands like Roll & Hill and retailers like The Future Perfect. Here, five of the best studios north of the border, each with a killer piece you'll want now, eh?

▼ THE STUDIO: KNAUF AND BROWN

THE DESIGNERS: Vancouver duo **Calen Knauf and Conrad Brown**, both 31, are former skateboarding buddies who now design stripped-down chairs, tables, and lamps for compact spaces, plus T-shirt graphics and branding for companies like Adidas and Stussy.

THE PIECE TO OWN: Their Heavystock shelves, sold in black or white stackable modules. They'd been shopping for a simple, decent-looking TV stand, but good luck finding one—they realized "the furniture industry had sort of left them to be designed by electronics companies," Knauf says. So they conceived these, which can sit low or high—like your toy blocks, but cooler.

From \$500; esaila.com



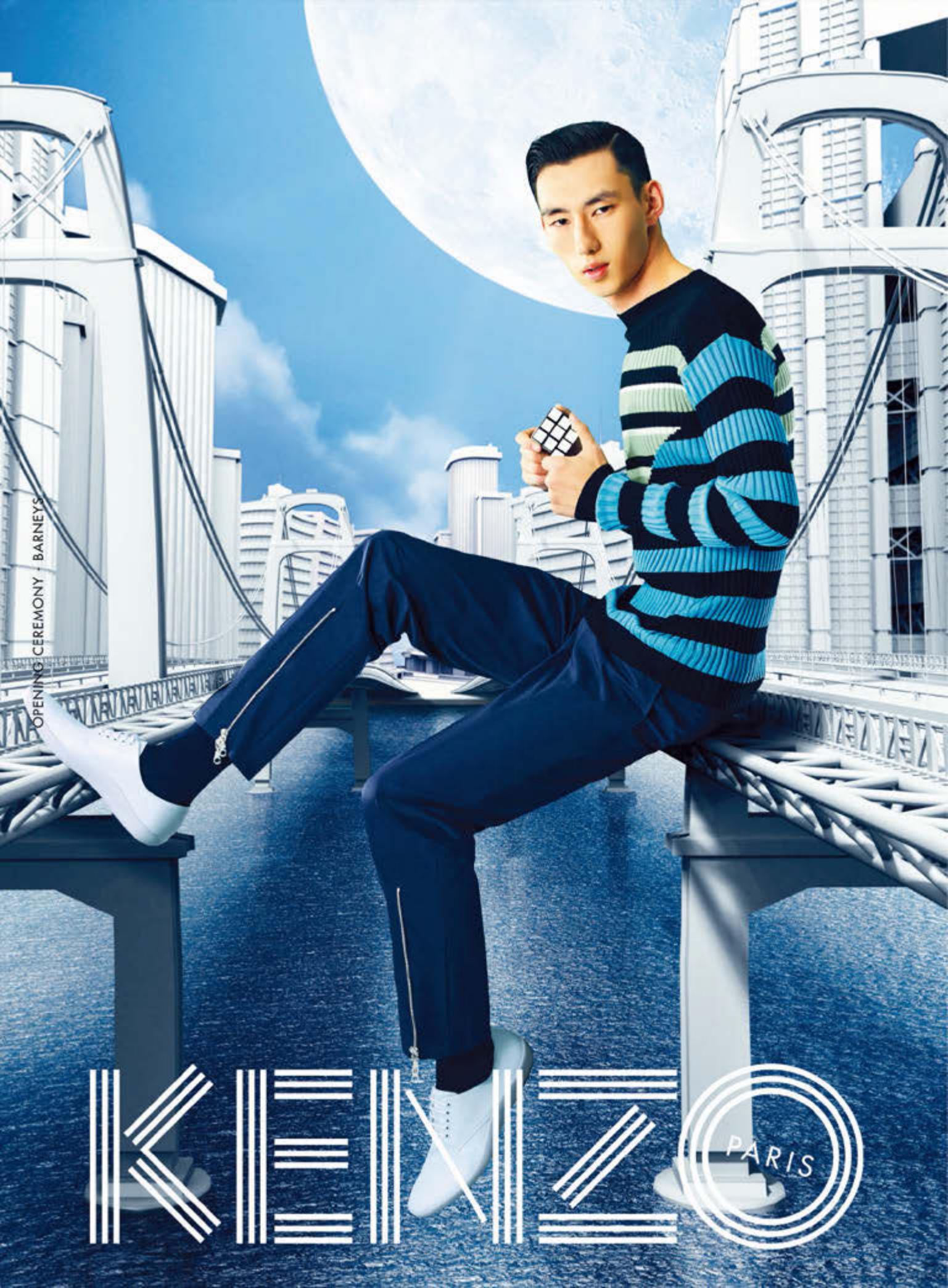
► THE STUDIO: ANDLIGHT

THE DESIGNER: **Lukas Peet**, 27, had already made a name for himself in the design world—working with Roll & Hill and the Danish brand Karakter—when he joined forces with Caine Heintzman and Matt Davis to start this Vancouver lighting studio a little over a year ago. Furniture's fine, but these guys geek out over the effects of light on a room's temperature and atmosphere, while pushing the boundaries of both form and function. "With our LED pieces, people often ask where the lightbulb is," Peet says. "We sold a light to someone, sent it to him, and he sent us an e-mail, being like, 'Where's the lightbulb?,' thinking we forgot to add a light source to the fixture."

THE PIECE TO OWN: The Button 60 LED pendant light looks like just that: a giant button hanging from your ceiling. And it's tiltable, so you can aim its glowing face in any direction—the epitome of the brand's simple-meets-techy vibe. For Peet, it's all about "the contrast between a large vast surface and a thin profile." From \$2,150; andlight.ca



OPENING CEREMONY - BARNEYS





▼ THE STUDIO: CHAR KENNEDY

THE DESIGNER: In elementary school, Vancouver-based **Char Kennedy** was "making high-heeled shoes from wooden blocks and duct tape because I wasn't allowed the real ones," she says. Now 23, she's coming up with inventive customizable chairs and tables in wood, leather, and marble.

THE PIECE TO OWN: Check out the slatted birch Bela coffee table she co-created with classmates from design school. Short on space? No problem—it folds completely flat. But unlike cheap card tables, this doesn't trade elegance for portability—it looks just as good inside, outside, wherever you put it down. \$686; charkennedy.com



▼ THE STUDIO: MERCURY BUREAU

THE DESIGNER: A geologist turned artist turned designer, Toronto's **Shane Krepakevich**, 35, offers up sculptural furnishings with intriguingly unconventional geometries—lamps with diagonal floating bases, tables with laterally shifted legs. "I have a longstanding fascination with Russian Constructivism," he says.

THE PIECE TO OWN: Krepakevich staggered the legs of his first Pivot table for expediency (to help support an extra-long, extra-heavy slab of reclaimed marble he'd found), then left them that way for aesthetic reasons when he started manufacturing the piece. \$2,386; mercurybureau.com



▼ THE STUDIO: PART & WHOLE

THE DESIGNER: Vancouver's **Nathan Martell**, 29, racked up experience at two of Canada's biggest furniture brands, Bensen and Molo. Now he's churning out his own sophisticated yet spartan tables and will add perforated-metal shelving, lighting, and a desk system to the lineup later this year, all modular and open-ended.

THE PIECE TO OWN: The Trunk tables (coffee and side) give an abstract but still functional update to a rustic Canadian mainstay—the solid woodblock table (typically made from chunks of native Douglas fir). Martell takes it, rounds the edges, and lets you store stuff inside. And for you design geeks out there, he's replaced the fir with the birch and oak plywood used in the iconic Eames Wire-Base table. "It was the first piece of real furniture I ever bought for myself," Martell notes. Starting at \$725; partandwhole.com



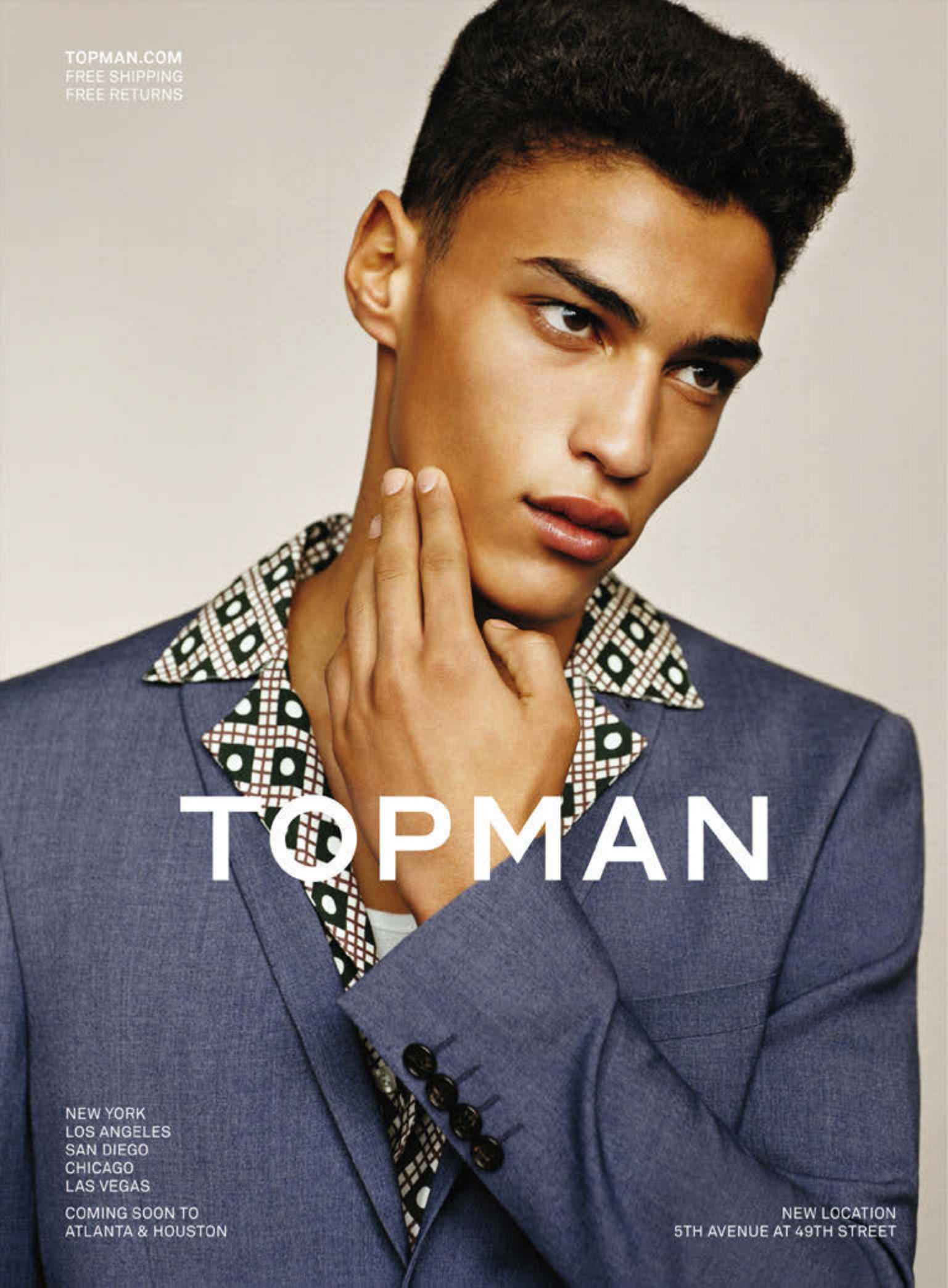
THE PIECES TO OWN:
Canadian studio **MSDS** added columnlike ridges to the Pleated Planter to make its heavy material—terra-cotta clay—look lighter. A self-watering wick hidden underneath stores moisture—perfect for novice green thumbs. \$60; umbrashift.com

THE COOLEST BRAND TO KNOW RIGHT NOW

Umbra, the Toronto-based giant long known for its affordable, utilitarian housewares, last year launched a cooler, higher-end diffusion line called **Umbra Shift**, with a roster of buzzworthy emerging talents and lust objects that look far more expensive than they actually are.



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A full-page photograph of a male model from the waist up. He has short brown hair and is looking directly at the camera with a neutral expression. He is wearing a dark blue blazer over a white t-shirt with a large, colorful, geometric zigzag print. A thin necklace with small beads is visible around his neck. He is also wearing dark blue trousers and a brown belt.

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DRINKS

know & tell

BY JASON TESAURO • PHOTOGRAPH BY VICTOR PRADO

The American Gin Renaissance

Gin is making a comeback—and not just any gin. American insurgents are wooing fans of well-known British brands (Plymouth, Beefeater) by toning down the juniper and ratcheting up other botanicals—citrus, florals, spices. Call it a Western ginaissance. We had just one question: Which are the best?



7/ GLORIOUS GIN

Brooklyn

THE GIN: A combo of ginger, rosemary, citrus, and, yes, juniper.

FUN FACT: "The base is more like a white whiskey," says distiller Brad Estabrooke. Upstate New York grain lends it sweetness and kick.

THE APPEAL: While most gins distill botanicals at once, Glorious slow-distills each individually before blending them to get the balance just right. \$32; brkdistilling.com

6/ BRISTOW GIN

Madison, Mississippi

THE GIN: Citrusy, because of minty hyssop and lemon verbena.

FUN FACT: Distiller Phillip Ladner started out in wine in New Zealand (where he crushed grapes) before turning to gin and settling in Mississippi.

THE APPEAL: Instead of soaking herbs for one day, Ladner lets them steep for a week, intensifying flavor. It's remarkably smooth despite its higher proof. \$35; bristowgin.com

1/ CORSAIR GIN

Nashville

THE GIN: Sleek and bright, with cucumber, coriander, and licorice root.

FUN FACT: It's Tennessee's only gin distillery. "We're surrounded by gin haters," says co-owner Derek Bell. "What we do with gin in whiskey country—it's a gintervention."

THE APPEAL: No boiling—botanicals are bathed in alcohol vapor, extracting lighter, nuanced flavors. \$30; corsairartisan.com

2/ EBB+FLOW GIN

Seattle

THE GIN: Classic, with coriander, cardamom, and angelica (the root is used in herbal medicine).

FUN FACT: "Instead of neutral grain spirits, we use a malted-barley blend to make it a little softer," says owner Steven Stone.

THE APPEAL: High-proof spirits, like full-bodied wines, feel richer in the mouth. But at 94 proof, lesser gins might also burn. Not Ebb+Flow. \$33; drinksoundspirits.com

3/ GREENHOOK GINSMITHS AMERICAN DRY GIN

Brooklyn

THE GIN: Fruity and fragrant, with chamomile, citrus, and cinnamon.

FUN FACT: Founder Steven DeAngelo was a capital-markets broker in 2008 when the economy collapsed, "and we drank a lot." By 2012, he and his brother had traded Wall Street for gin-making.

THE APPEAL: A unique vacuum process creates low-temperature distillation, which helps protect Greenhook's delicate nose from getting knocked out of joint. \$34; greenhookgin.com

5/ DRY FLY GIN

Spokane, Washington

THE GIN: Very Pacific Northwest, with native Fuji apple, lavender, and hops.

FUN FACT: "We both despised gin, and it was over a bottle of overpriced, average vodka that we decided to make Dry Fly," says co-owner Kent Fleischmann.

THE APPEAL: Instead of buying their alcohol base in bulk, they make it from local ingredients. \$30; dryflydistilling.com

4/ VIKRE DISTILLERY BOREAL CEDAR GIN

Duluth, Minnesota

THE GIN: Smoky, thanks to red cedar.

FUN FACT: "I developed the Cedar specifically to make my perfect Negroni," says cofounder Emily Vikre.

THE APPEAL: For fermentation and proofing, Vikre uses purified Lake Superior water, which is soft and devoid of (taste-altering) minerals. \$30; vikredistillery.com





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PARTY

WE'LL SPRING FOR IT

Spring, the new mobile shopping app, hosted a private dinner to preview The Heyward, a new restaurant by the team behind New York cult favorite Hudson Clearwater. Dinner guests included designers Siki Im, Alejandro Ingelmo, Yuvi Alpert, Abdul Abasi and Greg Rosborough; model Arthur Kulkov; Nick Wooster; Morgan Collett, founder of Saturdays Surf NYC; and Ryan Babenzien, founder of GREATS.

1. Matthew Hechter & Chef Derek Orrell **2.** Arthur Kulkov **3.** Eugenio Tong **4.** Nick Wooster **5.** Johanna Stout, Greg Rosborough, Emilia Fife

NOT TOO LONG AGO, I SPENT ABOUT \$170 ON A genetic test to resolve a nagging question about my great-grandparents on my father's side: Were they first cousins? My grandmother had mentioned this offhandedly when I was a teenager, and I remember thinking it would be better for the genetic fortitude of future Rowe generations if they weren't so closely related and my great-grandfather had been, say, adopted. And then I had a clue that that might be the case. In 1981, I got a transcript of my great-grandfather's death certificate, on which his name was written as Charles Luncolias Rowe—Charles Lunc, whose alias was Rowe.

So, decades later, I asked a third cousin who shares this paternal line with me to get tested: If our sequencing matched, my great-grandfather hadn't been adopted, and like Queen Victoria, Edgar Allan Poe, and Charles Darwin before him, he'd kept it in the family. This genetic test analyzed something called Y-DNA. Basically, it works like this: You, your father, your grandfather, your great-grandfather, and every prior ancestor in your direct male lineage are connected by a nearly identical strand of genetic code, like a fence line extending beyond the horizon. This code lives in your Y chromosome; the last fence post is Adam.

To those of us who failed sophomore biology, having your Y-DNA put under the microscope can sound intimidating. But it's surprisingly easier and, frankly, much cooler than trolling Ancestry.com like your Aunt Wanda's been doing for the past decade. All you do is swab your cheek, mail the collection kit to a company like Family Tree DNA in Houston, and wait for an e-mail. What you get back is an incredible piece of personal history—the route your paternal line took when humanity began migrating from Africa about 60,000 years ago. (You might be descended from a great



BY CHIP ROWE • PHOTOGRAPH BY ADAM VOORHES

demographic to be part of a movement it's been shut out of, mainly because research sites rely heavily on Colonial and English records. "Gen Y has begun to trace its roots," Taylor says. "It's not like looking at a census record or a chart of your ancestry. It's directly related to you."

Even in sketching our own lines, we're slowly revealing the branches of the global family tree. A.J. Jacobs, who's writing a book about technology and genetics, is particularly intrigued by Y-DNA's role in this, because it's "so pure, the little part that doesn't mix," he says. He's referring to the odd fact that only the Y's tips combine with its partner, the X, so the Y's center remains largely unchanged through aeons. This is what links you to Adam, the earliest male whose line survived. Geneticists thought they knew who Adam was, but they don't: Two years ago, Family Tree DNA got a sample from an African-American in South Carolina named Albert Perry who descended from a man predating Adam by at least 60,000 years.

Almost certainly, your Y-DNA will fall squarely on the standard tree; results will yield your "deep" ancestry and a list of other men with identical or nearly identical Y's. Unless they share your last name, they're so distantly related, it hardly matters—though Craig Kanalley, a 29-year-old social-media manager for the NHL's Buffalo Sabres, found Kennelly and MacNeely cousins in Ireland after having his Y-DNA tested, and he met one on a recent trip there.

Of course, not every discovery is celebrated over a Guinness. If you and a male relative get tested and don't match, one of you had at least one "non-paternal" event in your line. This could be an acknowledged adoption—or a not-so-acknowledged scenario in which a cuckold raised another man's kid. By one estimate, that happens in 2 percent of births in which the "dad" has no clue and in 30 percent of births in which he's sus-

Who's Your Daddy?

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warrior: About 8 percent of men in Central Asia can trace their paternal line back to one male who lived roughly 1,000 years ago. It's almost certainly Genghis Khan, who died 788 years ago and whose sons and grandsons no doubt used the family name to make the acquaintance of vast numbers of women wearing pelts.)

Which is why more guys are going under the Q-tip. In 2000, the first year Y-DNA testing was available from Family Tree DNA, the company analyzed 1,500 samples; in 2014, it processed more than 50,000. Joshua Taylor, the 29-year-old cohost of *Genealogy Roadshow* on PBS, says the uptick can be explained, in part, by the fact that genetic testing allows a younger, more diverse

picious. A 34-year-old genealogist I know got so into Y-DNA analysis that he helped most of the males on his mother's side get tested, discovered one didn't match, and had to have an awkward conversation about decades-old rumors of an affair that the relative hadn't heard about.

Nothing that dramatic happened when my cousin and I got our results. Our Y-DNA matched. My great-grandfather wasn't adopted. The elderly genealogist who transcribed my great-grandfather's death certificate for me had misread "Lincoln" as "Luncolias." This made more sense: My great-grandfather was born in 1861, the year Abraham Lincoln took office. I can't say the news shocked me. My family can be a little odd. ■

A full-page photograph of a young man with dark hair, looking off to his left. He is wearing a light grey, double-breasted suit jacket over a light blue button-down shirt. He stands in a dense, sunlit garden filled with various tropical plants, including palm fronds and broad-leaved bushes.

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BY ALYSSA SHELASKY

Turkish Delight

Bond over a hammam experience with anyone at a cocktail party, and straightaway you know at least one thing: This person has been *thoroughly* cleaned by a perfect stranger, likely in a foreign land. For those who aren't initiated, a hammam—a sauna anchored by a heated marble slab and punctuated with whirlpools and moodily lit lanterns—is where your body is steamed, scrubbed, and doused with warm water. The ritual has long been part of Turkish and Moroccan custom, but now Western hotels, in search of eccentric spa services, are building their own. For anyone who lives in a *riad*-style garden palace, the hammam is just another Wednesday; for everyone else, it's a chance to try extreme exfoliation in an exotic environment, like these below.



The hammam at the Faena Hotel in Buenos Aires; the marble slab at the Cosmopolitan (bottom right).

Condado Vanderbilt

SAN JUAN

This new, first and only hammam in Puerto Rico practices exfoliating techniques that release not just impurities but also stress, with a final wash that's like a water dance performed by a healer. condadovanderbilt.com; hammam services start at \$280 per person, \$560 per couple

Faena

BUENOS AIRES

A bohemian hang that's equal parts serenity and art scene, this candlelit hammam—inside a 7,500-square-foot spa—will be replicated (where else?) in Miami this fall. stayfaena.com; starting at \$100 (free for guests)

Cosmopolitan

LAS VEGAS

Only in Vegas would hammam rituals include pre-scrub champagne offered by a modelesque staff. The hotel recently launched extreme hammam-ing with the "Moroccan Journey," which can accommodate up to four friends at once. cosmopolitanlasvegas.com; starting at \$185

La Mamounia

MARRAKECH

Celebs and jet-setters have been in love with this medina-style paradise since 1923. And now, at La Mamounia's new boutique, it's selling its oils and candles. mamounia.com; starting at \$108



I SURRENDERED TO THE SLAB

In theory, a visit with my new boyfriend to Glenmere Mansion in upstate New York for an overnight stay centered on a 90-minute couples hammam ritual was a great idea. It was a relationship that lacked a little sexual chemistry, so why not try something potentially unique and erotic? Plus, the property promised butlers, Barolos, and a Barneys outlet nearby. *Bring it.*

After the drive, we got into our robes, were guided to the hammam, and then got out of our robes. New boyfriend and I faced each other naked, save for some string-paper underwear in the shape of a croissant.

The room was foggy, the sauna air thick with eucalyptus (and nervous energy). Our spa ladies laid us on the toasty marble bed side by side and steamed, scrubbed, and showered us with water, dousing us rhythmically.

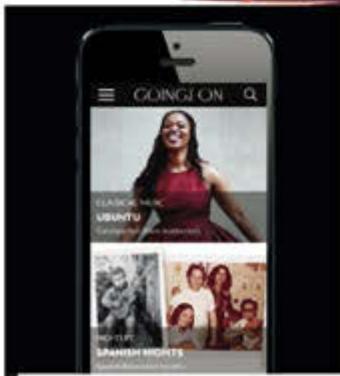
My hammam goddess used a cloth mitt to ferociously exfoliate me in places I wouldn't even flash to close friends. It wasn't painful or remotely sexual; it's pleasurable, and you just surrender to it. Later, in our towels, over mint tea, I asked my man, who would fade out in a few weeks, what he thought. In his dreamy state, he said, "It involved an 'ass saw' . . . and I think I liked it."



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BY DAVID WALTERS
PHOTOGRAPH BY ADAM VOORHES

The Most Underappreciated Actors in Hollywood Wear Lycra

Why performance-capture actors like Andy Serkis (the guy who made an advanced alpha ape one of the most compelling characters of the year) keep getting snubbed by the Oscars.

BACK IN JANUARY AT THE GOLDEN GLOBES, cohost Amy Poehler facetiously lauded *Wild* star Reese Witherspoon for doing "all of her own walking," then lobbed a follow-up joke: "And Andy Serkis was great as your backpack!" As awards-show zingers go, it was pretty gentle, but if Serkis laughed, viewers didn't see it. Of course, they rarely see the performance-capture actor nonpareil doing anything as *himself*, but in this case, Serkis wasn't in attendance. Despite universal critical acclaim and significant lobbying from 20th Century Fox, his portrayal of hyper-evolved chimp Caesar in *Dawn of the Planet of the Apes* wasn't nominated for an acting award—receiving, it seems, only informal nods for Best Inanimate Prop and Easiest Punch Line.

"It's actually a very pure form of acting," says Serkis, the technology's **CONTINUED ➔**





→ CONTINUED

unofficial spokesman, thanks to his groundbreaking work as Gollum in director Peter Jackson's *Lord of the Rings* trilogy and as King Kong in the 2005 remake. "You're not helped by any sort of artifice or aided by any costume or prosthetic makeup." Instead, performance capture relies on a complex system of movement-mapping registered by multiple cameras, rendered digitally, and completed by a team of animators. It's an impressive feat of cinematic magic that has seduced filmmakers and moviegoers alike but has failed to change attitudes pertaining to authorship of the role, the blurring lines of performance and special effects, and, ultimately, the lack of a warm body onscreen. Serkis, who's been nominated for a Golden Globe and an Emmy for his live-action work, is adamant that the use of technology doesn't undercut the artistry. "It's a very old-fashioned, Luddite view. The performance comes from the heart and soul of the actor," he says. "This isn't CG cheating."

Unlike the Hollywood Foreign Press Association—which hinted at precedent last year by deeming Scarlett Johansson's voice-only performance in Spike Jonze's *Her* ineligible—the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences hasn't disallowed performance-capture work. But its repeated snubbing of Serkis' tour de force roles led his *Rise of the Planet of the Apes* costar James Franco to write an article for *Deadline* that stated, "Andy doesn't need me to tell him he's an innovator; he knows it. What is needed is recognition for him, now. Not later when this kind of acting is *de rigueur*." Franco's opinion—that Oscar voters don't fully understand or appreciate this relatively new art form—is one shared by Neill Blomkamp, director of 2010 Best Picture nominee *District 9* and this month's sci-fi film *Chappie*, about an experimental sentient robot. "We're dealing with people from the last millennium," he says. "The industry is decades behind. Ten years from now, you're going to have maybe one actor fitting into the realm of what they consider 'normal.'"

Sharlto Copley, Blomkamp's longtime friend and previous collaborator on *District 9* and the futuristic thriller *Elysium*, performed the role of Chappie in a Lycra motion-capture suit alongside costars Dev Patel, Hugh Jackman, and Sigourney Weaver. His mechanical form was trace-animated over his body in postproduction, a painstaking process called rotomation. Except for a pair of LED-lit eyes and two horizontal metal bars suggesting brow and chin lines, the robot is faceless, an impediment that gave Copley a newfound respect for the process. "In a way, the work is more difficult," he explains. "To make a really good character using only voice and movement takes a skill and understanding of the business that goes beyond traditional acting."

"THE PERFORMANCE COMES FROM THE HEART AND SOUL OF THE ACTOR," SERKIS SAYS. "THIS ISN'T CG CHEATING."



Greatest Show on Earth

THE CHANGING FACES OF PERFORMANCE-CAPTURE PIONEER ANDY SERKIS



GOLLUM, *THE LORD OF THE RINGS TRILOGY* (2001–03)



KING KONG, *KING KONG* (2005)



CAESAR, *RISE OF THE PLANET OF THE APES* (2011) AND *DAWN OF THE PLANET OF THE APES* (2014)

from the *Los Angeles Times*. "We'll be turned into combinations. A director will be able to say, 'I want 60 percent Clooney; give me 10 percent Bridges; and throw some Charles Bronson in there.'"

When faced with the choice, Hollywood has shown more willingness to embrace Dr. Frankenstein than his monster, opting to view performance-capture work as an effects-driven collaboration and typically heaping "technical" awards on films that feature it. Joe Letteri, senior visual-effects supervisor for Weta Digital, the New Zealand-based visual-effects company that worked on the *Lord of the Rings* and *Hobbit* trilogies and the *Planet of the Apes* franchise, has won five Oscars and received nominations each of the past four years. "The Best Actor category implies a self-contained performance," he explains. "But because we're teasing these performances apart [digitally] and putting them back together, nobody is sure exactly what to make of it. It happens in cinematography, makeup, and art direction, too—you'd be surprised how much green screen is used these days—but those don't have the same level of emotional attachment."

Critics like the *New York Times'* A.O. Scott have found poetic ways to laud this innovative alchemy: In his *Dawn of the Planet of the Apes* review, he called Serkis' Caesar "so evocatively and precisely rendered that it is impossible to say where his art ends and the exquisite artifice of Weta Digital, the special effects company, begins." But shared credit is a pricklier concept in Hollywood, a fact that occasionally leads to tension between actor and animator. "We create new characters from scratch," says Letteri, who agrees that the actors author their own performances but balks, along with other effects specialists, at the commonly used characterization of his craft as "digital makeup." "A lot of people ask me, 'How did you manage to keep Andy's eyes in Caesar?' Those are not Andy's eyes. Those are chimp eyes."

One oft-suggested solution is a new awards category dedicated to performance-capture roles, a change Letteri would support. "There was once a concern that creating a separate category would ghettoize animation, but now you have recognition for animated films each year," he explains, "and that's a good thing." Serkis, on the other hand, would rather continue his crusade for equal acknowledgment, among both peers and awarding bodies. His own performance-capture studio and consultancy, the Imaginarium, is responsible for Mark Ruffalo's revamped Hulk character in May's *Avengers: Age of Ultron* (and Serkis also has a live-action role in the blockbuster sequel). He'll follow that with a top-secret part in J.J. Abrams' hotly anticipated *Star Wars: The Force Awakens* and his directorial debut, *Jungle Book: Origins*, which boasts an A-list cast playing performance-capture roles. "We have Benedict Cumberbatch, Cate Blanchett, and Christian Bale in the suits," Serkis says. "And they're certainly not saying, 'Well, this isn't acting.'" ■

AMBER ARBUCCI & ADRIAN GRENIER in

BUFFALO DAVID BITTON



BY THE NUMBERS

KIM GORDON

In the postpunk goddess's new memoir, *Girl in a Band* (HarperCollins Dey Street, \$28; out February 24), Kim Gordon looks back on her upbringing, New York City in the eighties, and the breakups of Sonic Youth and her 27-year marriage to bandmate Thurston Moore. We take an accounting of her enviable longevity. —Laura Bolt

24 x 36

Size of the "cheap, ugly metal" frames that Gordon built for Larry Gagosian when she was living in Los Angeles in the early 1970s.

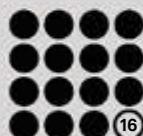
"[He was] the last person on the planet I would ever have thought would later become the world's most powerful art dealer."

\$150

Rent Gordon paid for her first New York City apartment, located a floor below the artist Dan Graham (who helped her land it), in 1980.

27

Gordon's age when she met Moore, five years her junior, in 1980, at the final performance of his postpunk band the Coachmen. "Thurston would later tell people that he was very taken by my dark flip-up glasses."



Number of hours it took to record Sonic Youth's self-titled 1981 debut EP in the Rockefeller Center studio that had also hosted the Ramones.

7

Number of days Gordon spent coproducing Hole's 1991 debut album, *Pretty on the Inside*. "Courtney [Love] was the kind of person who spent a lot of time growing up staring in the mirror practicing their look for the camera . . . when she felt the band wasn't up to her level, she would do something extreme to motivate them, like throw a glass bottle or shatter something against the drum set."

Seventy

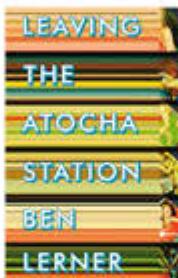
Length, in minutes, of Sonic Youth's final concert, in São Paulo in 2011. Gordon describes her ex-husband's convivial behavior during the show as "so phony, so childish, such a fantasy" and later observes: "I wonder if you can truly love, or be loved back by, someone who hides who they are."



CULTURAL DIET

Artist Dustin Yellin

Brooklyn artist Dustin Yellin is best known for using resin as his canvas—he marks up thin, transparent layers, which when viewed in a stack produce a stunning multidimensional effect. In 2012, he created his most ambitious sculpture to date: *The Triptych*—an apocalyptic acid trip in the form of a 12-ton aquarium-like diorama. The 39-year-old's latest project, the career-spanning coffee-table book *Heavy Water* (\$60, Rizzoli), is easier to fit in your apartment. Below, Yellin recommends a few other cultural essentials to bring home. —Saki Knafo



MY BOOK ADDICTION

"I could curl up in a cave and read for the rest of my life, but then I wouldn't get anything done. I just finished [Haruki] Murakami's new novel *Colorless Tsukuru Tazaki and His Years of Pilgrimage*—as soon as I start reading it, it's like I'm on a drug. He creates an altered-reality dream space in all of his books. I also really love a young man named Ben Lerner. I just read *Leaving the Atocha Station* [1]. I like his self-conscious puddling though life, and these happenstance relationships with people he's meeting in Spain, and their relationships with him as an artist and writer. It really

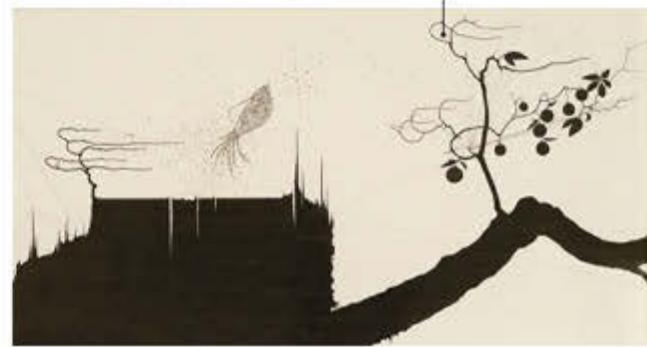
hits home for me in a visceral way."

MOVIES ARE ALSO KIND OF A PROBLEM

"You could just spend the rest of your life watching movies. In fact, the sculptures I make are movies that don't move. I love Hitchcock—I just watched *The Man Who Knew Too*



2



3 that a word?"

Much [2]—fucking amazing. Godard, Truffaut, Pasolini . . . where would you even start?"

... AS IS ART COLLECTING

"I've got an addiction, doctor. I've got a bad case. I've got shit everywhere. Mostly, my art collection is a photo album of my friends, except it's full of paintings and drawings. I'm looking at a Joey Frank piece right now. Ernesto Caivano [3] is amazing—I've got his art all over my wall. I've got a drawing by Charlton Heston, but I can't tell you about that. It's a secret drawing. I can only tell you that he made it for me, but I can't tell you why or where."



... AND THEN THERE'S THE INFINITE PLAYLIST

"Music—oh man. It's so hard. Harry Nilsson, I like. Jack White is a master of disaster. Again, there are so many cats I dig, I barely know where to start. Bob Dylan—sometimes I listen to *Blood on the Tracks* and feel like I'm being bar mitzvahed in my twenties. I've got a record player, I've got an iPod, I've got a 1952 Wurlitzer—I listen to music in all kinds of different ways. I got me a harp, a harmonica, and a harpion. An old Gibson. I play guitar . . . shittily. Is



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CURATION

My Favorite... Buildings

—Bjarke Ingels, architect

Bjarke Ingels ascended to starchitect status with his environmentally sustainable, Instagram-ready work—think structures evoking mountains and snowflakes. These days, the 40-year-old Dane is putting the final touches on his first New York City project, the residential tower West 57, and celebrating the publication of *Hot to Cold: An Odyssey of Architectural Adaptation* (Taschen, \$50; out now), which showcases upcoming projects. The book is timed to coincide with an exhibition of the same name at the National Building Museum in Washington, D.C. (on view through August 30). We asked Ingels to give us a world tour of the buildings he returns to again and again.



São Paulo Museum of Art
SÃO PAULO
Architect: Lina Bo Bardi
Completed: 1968

"Lina Bo Bardi invented the concept of 'poor architecture.' [This museum] almost looks like a factory. Half of the gallery is below ground, creating a big public square on top. And because the other half is encased in a box, hanging under a giant red concrete frame, it has glass on all sides. It's really the most transparent space you could imagine."

Teshima Art Museum
TOKYO
Architect: Ryue Nishizawa
Completed: 2010

"It's essentially a concrete

shell with the geometry of a droplet of water. And it contains a permanent art installation [Rei Naito's 'Matrix']—you think it's

just an empty space with a big hole. Then you realize that there's all these water droplets appearing from tiny holes and rolling

across the floor. It's completely mesmerizing—an epic piece of art that merges the form and the content of the museum."



Beinecke Library
NEW HAVEN,
CONNECTICUT
Architect: Gordon Bunshaft
Completed: 1963

"One of my favorite American architects—and this is one of his masterpieces. It's this towering block of rock, and the stone is so thinly sliced that it allows light to pass through. So you get this very warm atmosphere, without having daylight that ruins the sensitive material on display."

The Hermitage Palace

COPENHAGEN
Architect: Lauritz de Thurah
Completed: 1736

"[King Christian VI] had a small castle where he could go hunting with his buddies. There's a big dining room with a huge table that was actually an elevator. It descended into the kitchen below, then came up fully set with all the food on it, so the king could have undisturbed time with his crew. I like this idea of an architectural solution to a social need. And, of course, when you're the king, you can make these fantasies happen."

Sydney Opera House

SYDNEY
Architect: Jørn Utzon
Completed: 1973

"Utzon is a Danish architect—he's a national hero. When the Guggenheim Museum in Bilbao was built, it put that city on the global map, coining this phrase: the Bilbao Effect. In fact, the Sydney Opera created the phenomenon. I think it's the most widely recognized building in the world. It merges different kinds of vernacular architecture—it has the likeness of the Chinese pagoda on its elevated podium, but also these Gothic vaults."



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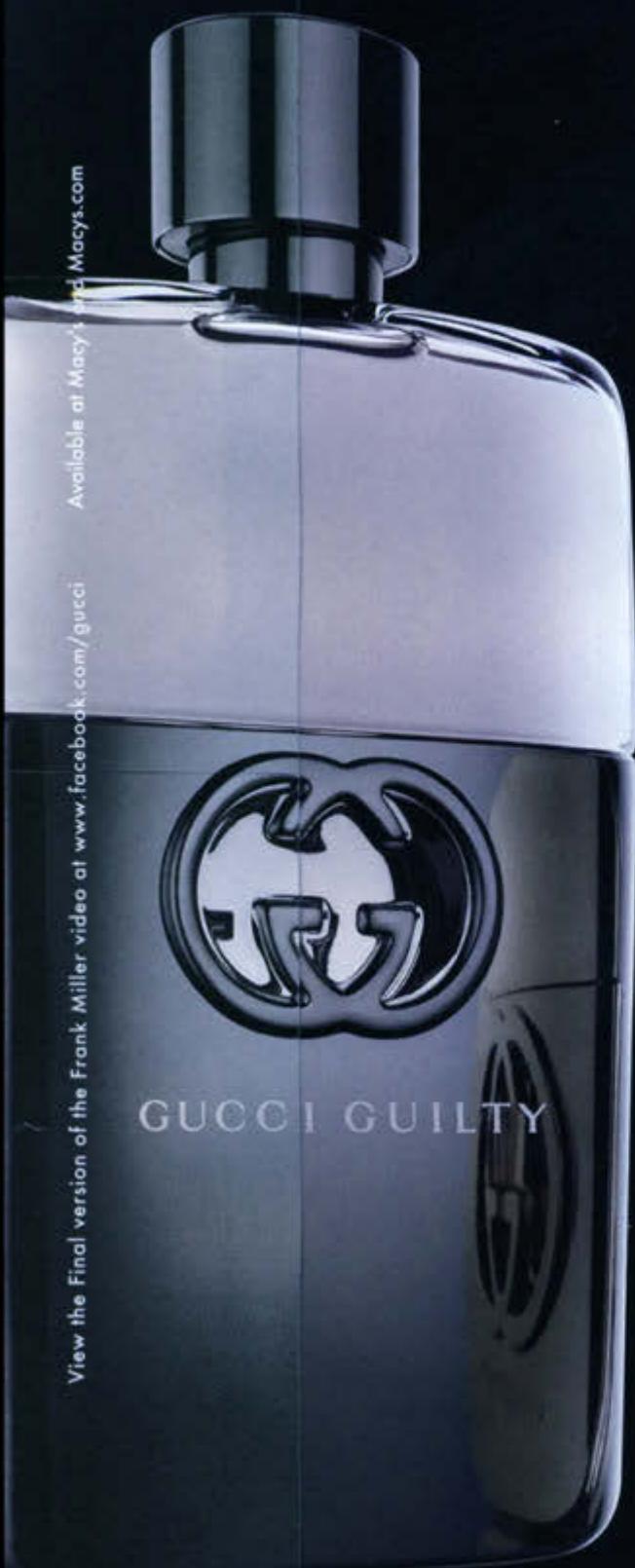
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DOCUMENTARY

The Ultimate Spin Class

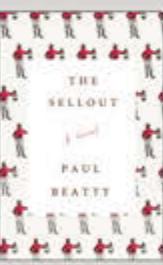
Robert Kenner, Oscar-nominated director of the scathing agribusiness exposé *Food, Inc.*, makes wildly entertaining documentaries—if your idea of entertainment is being terrorized about the safety of your unborn children. In *Mercants of Doubt*, he turns his attention to the experts-for-hire who influence tobacco and climate-change legislation, showing how easily and effectively special-interest groups channel their messages through “impartial” testimony. Exhaustively researched and persuasively presented, it moves you from the edge of your seat to directly below it in the fetal position. *Out March 6*



PERFORMANCE

No, Unbroken Didn't Make Jack O'Connell a Star, but This Film Should

Mixed reaction to Angelina Jolie's WWII-era biopic *Unbroken* has doused some of the heat surrounding Jack O'Connell. But it turns out that his latest film, the historical indie *'71*, may be a more fitting introduction. O'Connell plays a British soldier trapped behind enemy lines following a riot in a Catholic area of Belfast, where friend and foe look exactly alike. Reminiscent of previous dramas about the Northern Ireland conflict (Paul Greengrass' *Bloody Sunday*; Steve McQueen's *Hunger*), *'71* is a paranoia-inducing survival tale—and the war movie O'Connell might prefer on his highlight reel. *Out February 27*



NOVEL

The Cult Writer You Need to Read Now

Since his 1996 debut novel, *The White Boy Shuffle*, Paul Beatty has built a following as one of America's most audacious writers (which is just one reason the book was just republished). Beatty channels the stand-up of Chris Rock to devastating satirical effect with his best work yet, *The Sellout* (Farrar, Straus and Giroux, \$26; out March 3). It follows the exploits of a pot-smoking African-American farmer who tries to put his fictional Southern California hood back on the map by reinstating school segregation. This book will become a calling card not only for Beatty but also for a new generation hungry for his provocative wit.

THE YES LIST



Stephen Shore, Wigwam Hotel, Holbrook, AZ, August 10, 1973

COFFEE-TABLE BOOK

Stephen Shore's Photographic Classic Returns—Bigger and Better Than Before

On any list of must-own photo books, Stephen Shore's 1982 classic, *Uncommon Places*, deserves pride of place. Shore, now 67, helped spearhead the use of color (once the exclusive province of advertising and fashion) in fine-art photography while documenting the American landscape, transforming the banal (diners, back alleys, tacky-tacky suburbs) into an extraordinary tableau. Now the book is being reissued, with 20 previously unseen images, as *Uncommon Places: The Complete Works* (Aperture, \$65; out March 24), giving you a reason to search for a collectible first edition on Amazon.

THE SHORT-ATTENTION-SPAN Q&A

Reggie Watts

Q: This month, the Beethoven of bizarre synthesizer music trades his spot on IFC's farcical talk show *Comedy Bang! Bang!* for bandleader duties on CBS's *The Late Late Show With James Corden* (premiering March 23).

Q: You're going from a show on which you mock the late-night format to a legitimate late-night network show. Is that weird?

A: It is definitely weird to go from fakeness to realness. It's surreal that it's real.

Q: Questlove, also a bandleader on a late-night show, has said that he gets mistaken for you. Have you had similar experiences?

A: It happens maybe 3 percent of the time. You have to be kind of dumb to make that association, because we don't look anything alike. If you're looking at a cartoonish notion of who those two people are, then maybe you could get confused. It's usually white people who are saying that to me.





Q&A

AT 60, KEVIN COSTNER, WHO CURRENTLY STARS IN *BLACK OR WHITE* AND *MCFARLAND, USA*, HAS THE PASSION OF AN ACTOR HALF HIS AGE. AND, NOW THAT HE'S WRITING THE CHECKS, A HELL OF A LOT MORE CONTROL.

INTERVIEW BY ANDREW GOLDMAN

Q: You just turned 60. How is that possible?

A: I know. I loved the forties, and I can't do shit about the sixties, but I'm here. And I will tell you, honestly, I don't feel any different than when I was 20. I'm probably lucky to have my young children around me, the way they just force the action. My knees are a problem—I've had three operations on my left one. So yeah, I can't play defense, but I can still shoot.

Q: Before acting, you worked on commercial fishing boats. That's not a pleasant job, is it?

A: For me it was. I wasn't a very good academic—that kind of thing was hard for me. I'm a really good laborer. That's what I can do: work all day.

Q: You've financed the entire \$9 million budget of your latest film, *Black or White*, and it's not the first time you've ponied up your own money. Has your wife ever put her foot down?

A: No, but she has said, "What, were you in some fuckin' cornfield and somebody whispered to you?" She's a very practical girl. If I never meet another billionaire, it'll be too fuckin' soon. I'm just tired of people with the billions who say they want to be in this business but are afraid to put up 3 or 4 million. I shouldn't be doing that, they should. But I haven't actually built a whole life trying to make the pile of money I have grow bigger.

Q: Is it different for you on set when you're paying for the movie? Do you turn into a taskmaster?

A: What I need for people to do on set is focus on what the fuck we're doing. If I feed them well and house them well, and if they

know I care about them, then I don't have a problem saying, "We need a better effort out of everybody tonight. We're going to work late." Now, I don't live that life where you shoot a hostage or five people get fired. I've only let two people go in my life.

Q: What did those people do?

A: One guy wouldn't apologize to his colleague. I told him to find her over the weekend, apologize, and then tell me on Monday that he made that happen. Come Monday, I said, "Hey, did you apologize?" and he said, "No, I couldn't find her," and I said, "You're fired."

Q: What about the other guy?

A: Oh man . . . I'm not gonna bore you with that one. [Laughs]

Q: Have your parents always been supportive?

A: They have. They saw every choir thing, every Little League game, and when I went to South Dakota to direct *Dances With Wolves*, they came out and watched that, too. They bought a trailer and would sit up on a hill in lawn chairs. Mom would wave to me every day as I walked to set. People just got used to them. I was embarrassed, but I also felt pride about who they were. Their children have always been the most important thing.

Q: You made two movies in the nineties about post-apocalyptic America—*Waterworld* and *The Postman*. Considering you own a 165-acre ranch outside Aspen, do you have some sort of plan if the world ends?

A: It's on my mind. The world is fighting right now. Something like *The Postman*

is happening in Africa. Women are being raped as we're talking. Children are having bombs strapped to them. What the fuck is going on? But I worry more about pandemics. I tried to create a place in the world where I can just get out of the way. I know how to feed myself, and I know how to take care of my family.

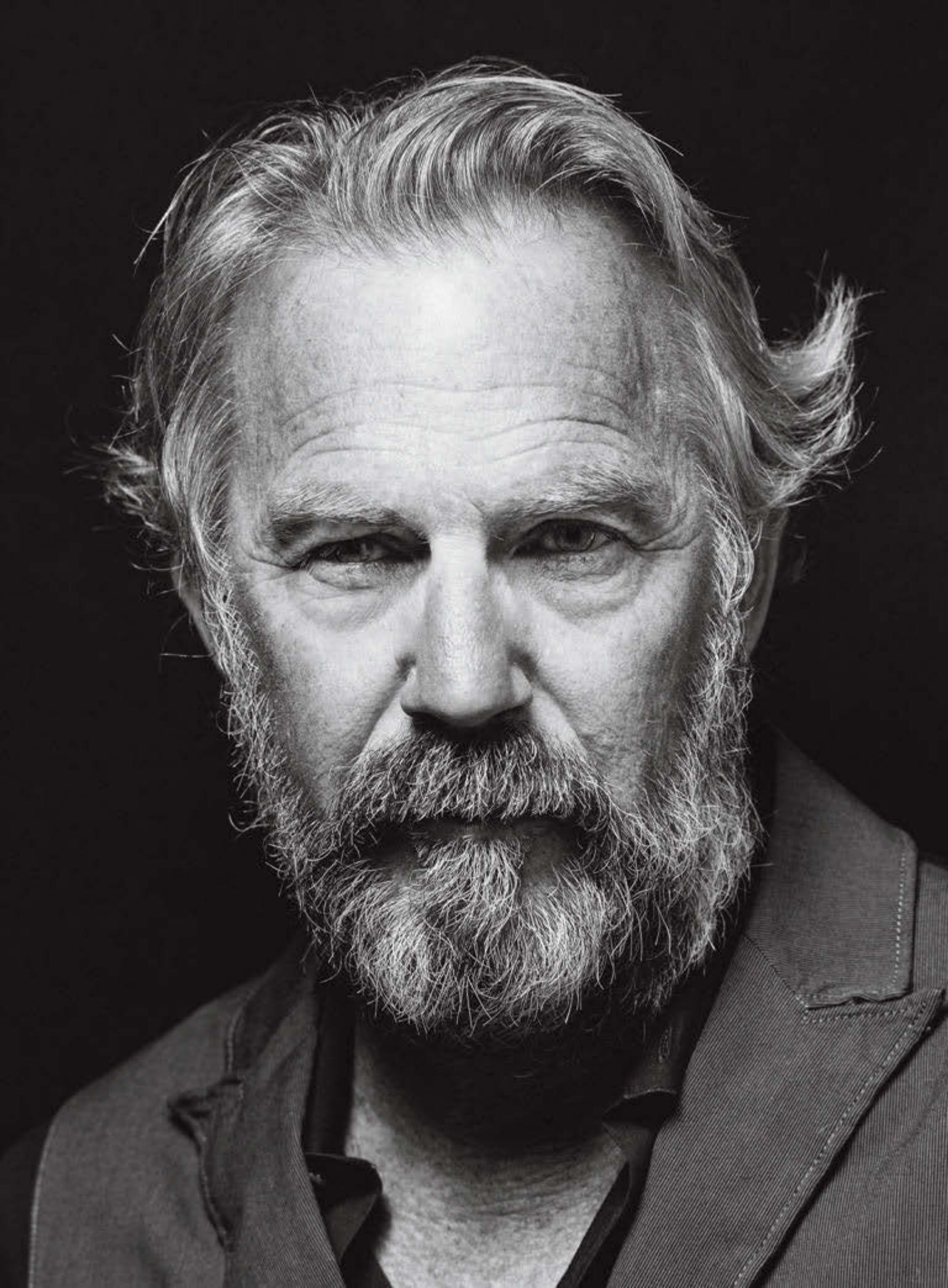
Q: Your big break was supposed to be *The Big Chill*, playing the friend whose funeral brings everyone together. What was it like hearing from director Lawrence Kasdan that you'd been cut?

A: I have an ego; I wanted to be in it. But it was hard for him to tell me that I wasn't gonna be in it, so all I could do was make it as easy on him as possible—because in my heart, I knew that I would have a future. Listen, it was a hit movie and they were taking it around the world, and I wasn't on that jet with them. I would've liked to have gone. But I was okay with it. Plus, he rewarded me with a scene-stealing role in *Silverado*.

Q: You recently received the Broadcast Film Critics Association Lifetime Achievement Award. Do you feel beloved by your Hollywood peers?

A: They've treated me with a lot of respect, but I'm not in any of their clubs, for sure. You know, I had my 60th-birthday party, and there wasn't a single actor or director there. That doesn't mean these people haven't been important to me, but I looked around at a hundred people, and they were people from junior high and my friends from the old neighborhood. My children all spoke at the party and they brought the room to tears and laughter. I have that. That's my life, and so there it is. ■







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SET THE TONE

WHEN IT COMES TO DECIDING WHAT TO wear in the morning, defaulting to minimalism can appear pretty predictable. But this spring, designers are delivering an array of sharp, notice-me pieces (many of which can and should be worn together) that will make getting dressed feel effortless without looking like it. The key is learning the art of monochromatic dressing, as seen here. Yes, going head-to-toe in a single color can be fashion-victim-y, but not when you opt for neutrals—black, navy, tan, and gray are hard to get wrong. Go ahead and mix proportions, add in textural elements like suede, and make sure to keep the shades distinct so nothing feels too precious or matchy-matchy. Think varying tones, not one-note.



►
Shirt (\$2,000) by **Ermenegildo Zegna Couture**. Sweater (\$125) by **Gant Rugger**. Pants (\$439) by **Neil Barrett**. Shoes (\$650) by **Gucci**. Socks (\$5) by **Uniqlo**.

STYLING BY EUGENE TONG. GROOMING BY KRISTAN SERAFINO FOR EXCLUSIVE ARTISTS MANAGEMENT USING CLÉ DE PEAU. CASTING BY EDWARD KIM AT THE EDIT DESK.

How to Simplify Your Look



PHOTOGRAPHS BY NICHOLAS PRAKAS

► Coat (\$5,500) by **Bally**. Shirt (\$158) by **Steven Alan**. Jeans (\$78) by **Levi's**. Shoes (\$1,500) by **Brioni**.

HOW
TO

Simplify

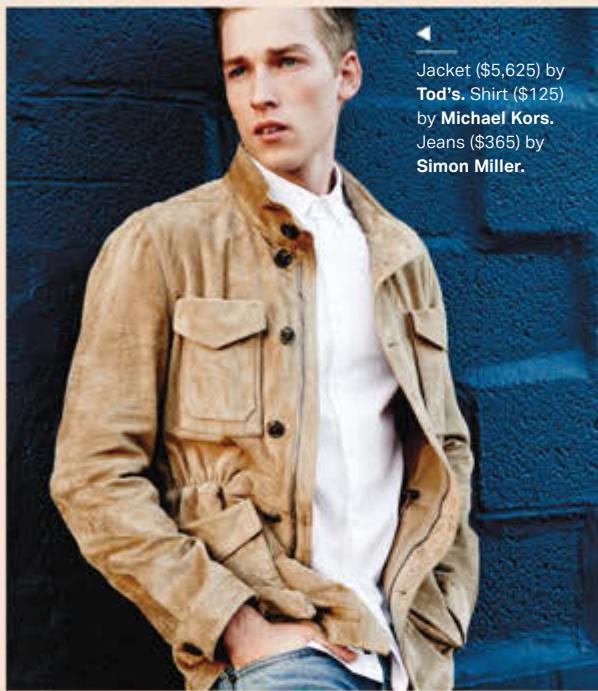
YOUR
LOOK

MAKE A STATEMENT WITH YOUR COAT

We're in the era of "coat dressing" (i.e., letting your topper be the focal point of an outfit), and with wardrobes awash in pared-down pieces, it's especially important to pay attention to your outerwear. Still, that doesn't mean you have to sacrifice practicality or go over the top. Updated classics can be just as eye-catching, like this suede trench from Bally—the relaxed, double-breasted fit makes for a subtly dramatic silhouette, while the suede is surprisingly resilient. (Don't worry about getting caught in the rain—it will continue to look great even after it's a little weathered.) For more utilitarian outerwear, all rendered in versatile, of-the-moment shades of tan, turn the page.

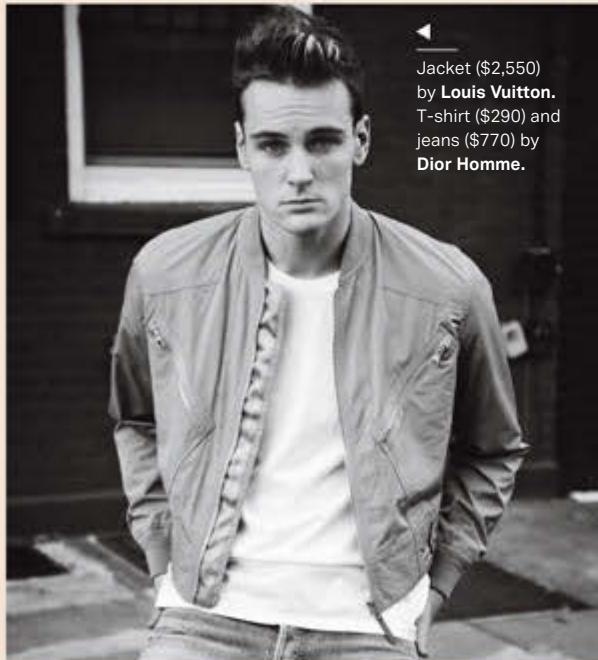


◀ CONTINUED



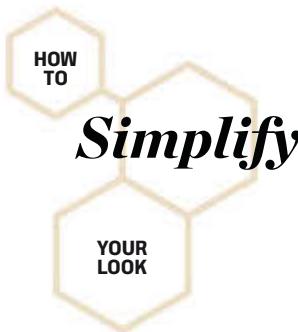
Jacket (\$5,625) by Tod's. Shirt (\$125) by Michael Kors. Jeans (\$365) by Simon Miller.

Tod's took the standard cotton M65 field jacket (named for the year it was issued to the U.S. military) and reimagined it in butter-soft suede while keeping all the best features of the iconic design. The four patch pockets offer ample storage, and an adjustable cinched waist lets you make sure the fit is flawless.



Jacket (\$2,550) by Louis Vuitton. T-shirt (\$290) and jeans (\$770) by Dior Homme.

It's hard to improve on the clean lines of a flight jacket, so Louis Vuitton applied a light hand by merely removing the flaps on the diagonal zipper pockets and raising the zippers closer to the chest for a stripped-down, modern take on the waist-skimming bomber. No dead weight here.



PLAY WITH PROPORTION

If you're going to simplify when it comes to color and pattern (or lack thereof), the best way to add some visual impact is by paying attention to proportion. This season, designers dropped the hemline on shirts—or made them wider and boxier—lengthened suit jackets, and reshaped trousers by going wide-leg, pleated, or hypertapered. Take a cue from the runway looks below and experiment with scale, for either work or a laid-back weekend.



◀ CONTINUED

INVEST IN A KHAKI ALTERNATIVE

Forward-looking designers in the 1990s—think Jil Sander and Helmut Lang—saw the advantages of the stone suit, a made-for-spring option in a shade that falls between khaki and gray. Now menswear labels are embracing it again (including Sander, as seen here), eschewing more traditional camels, khakis, and taupes for this understated color. Odds are, that's good for you: The yellow undertones can be tricky to get right when worn head-to-toe—stone, meanwhile, is easier to pull off and somehow just feels fresher.



Blazer (\$1,000) and pants (\$660) by **Jil Sander**. Shirt (\$65) by **DKNY Men**.



Don't Stop at the Wrist

If this watch proves anything, it's that a flashy gold timepiece isn't the only way to draw attention to your wrist. Patek Philippe launched the Calatrava collection in 1932, inspired by the Bauhaus principle that form follows function. This latest iteration honors and advances that tradition with an opaline dial and a black alligator strap, not to mention upscale appeal. \$37,000



Try This Hybrid

The proposition put forth by *Miami Vice*—that a tee could stand in for a button-down under a blazer—has been taken further by Alessandro Sartori, Berluti's creative director: His dress shirt/T-shirt mash-up blurs any remaining boundaries between casual and formal. The torso and sleeves are cotton jersey; the cuffs, poplin with hand-sewn mother-of-pearl buttons. It's a clever piece that looks great solo—and even better peeking out from under your suit jacket. \$490



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BY CANDICE RAINIEY • PHOTOGRAPH BY MARK SELIGER

A Conversation With Riccardo Tisci

Givenchy's creative director, who helped the storied brand regain its swagger, opens up about breaking fashion's transgender barrier and dressing Kimye for their wedding.

HERE, IN A BRIGHT, AIRY ROOM AT THE MERCER hotel in New York City, Riccardo Tisci is sitting on the couch, chain-smoking American Spirits and explaining in a pronounced Italian accent why the idea of designing menswear initially left him cold. "I mean, look at me," the 40-year-old creative director of Givenchy says. "I wear jeans and trainers." Thing is, he's embodying exactly what's stylish at the moment: thick-soled Timberlands, gray tapered jeans, a black sweatshirt with an abstract Bauhaus-esque basketball print. "I never bought fashion for myself. The only things I was obsessed with when I was young were Helmut Lang and Versace. At Givenchy, they asked me to do the men's for so long, but I didn't want to do it."

"They" are the corporate overseers at LVMH, which owns the legendary French fashion house founded in 1952 by aristocrat Hubert de Givenchy. For decades, the brand was synonymous with traditional Parisian elegance. But in the fashion world, pedigree can often read as, well, passé, and when Tisci arrived in 2005, the label was adrift. Over the past decade, Tisci has infused the clothing with his goth-inflected edge and rejuvenated the brand with cool-kid cred. He's turned once-atypical models into bona fide celebrities (Joan Smalls, Lara Stone, Lea T) while making bona fide celebrities his actual friends (he refers to Madonna as M, vacations with Marina Abramovic, and designed Kanye West's tux for his wedding, which he also attended). Not to suggest that he's coasting on his influential circle. Since taking over Givenchy's menswear arm in 2008, he's moved the category beyond slim-fitting suits and visible ankle bones. The Rottweiler T-shirt, the spaceman Air Force 1s, the leather kilt, the razor-cut suit, and yes, the sweatshirt flaunting

whatever iconography Tisci is obsessing over—Bambi, Jesus, pissed-off canines—it all projects a vision of male sexuality that reads utterly modern. "It's about not thinking gay or not gay," he explains in between drags. Spend some time with Tisci and you get why people feel at ease with him—when you're with Tisci, you're with Tisci.

DETAILS: *What were you like as a teenager growing up in Como, Italy?*

Tisci: I was obsessed with the Cure. Obsessed. I was, like, 15 or 16, going to art school, and I was literally full-on black makeup. Long black hair. It was funny because in Como, everyone is very bourgeois, everyone's so chic.

DETAILS: *You're very close to your mother. Did she worry about you during this phase?*

Tisci: Never, because I started working when I was very young. I was a good son. She helped me make my own clothes, like leather leggings.

DETAILS: *You grew up with eight sisters. What's your first memory of them?*

Tisci: I remember sometimes going grocery shopping with my sisters—I was little, probably was, like, 7, 8. And I remember seeing my sisters being tough with everybody. They were protecting themselves. Because eight women without any men? They were warriors outside, and they come back home and were, like, the sweetest, funny, Latin girls. I wouldn't be who I am today without having such a big family. If I were an only child, I would be an alcoholic or a drug addict.

DETAILS: *You often post #family along with your Instagram photos of famous friends. How do you forge authentic friendships with them?*

Tisci: They feel that I'm not there to dress a celebrity. I dress people even when they don't have an Oscar nomination or they don't have an

album out. If they're my friends, I respect them to the end. And you need to feel people stay with you because they love you, not only as an artist, but also as a human being. Look at Kanye and Kim—at the beginning, I was the only one.

DETAILS: *Kim wasn't always accepted in the fashion community.*

Tisci: By nobody. And she's a sweet girl. And Kanye and me, we did it together. Every designer is dying to dress her now. I didn't care what people thought about Kim. In the beginning, I met her because of my respect for Kanye, and then I liked her a lot and we became friends. I got killed because of this. But I didn't care. That is a friend, you see. And this is why, when they got married, they asked me to dress them. They say, "You've always been with us. You've been a real friend." If I like somebody, I like somebody. If I don't like somebody, I don't like somebody.

DETAILS: *As the creative director for Jay-Z and Kanye's 2011 "Watch the Throne" tour, did you have any hesitations about designing clothes for two of rap's biggest icons?*

Tisci: When they asked me, of course I was honored, but I was scared. I was like, "Oh fuck, what am I going to do?" I said, "Are you ready to really break down this barrier?" Because for me, rap until then was about gloss and diamonds and the chain and fur, girls in swimsuits. And they were like, "Yes, we're ready."

DETAILS: *Did Kanye have reservations about the leather kilt?*

Tisci: For a second, he was a little bit doubting. Then he really trusted me. That's when you understand when a friend is a friend. He knew it was not that I just wanted to sell my clothes. I didn't care. I thought it was very punk for him to break down all these boundaries. I haven't invented it. But it's more serious, the way I do it. It's darker, and it's made with beautiful tailoring, fabric. And we sell a lot. Doesn't matter if I put them in a show or not.

DETAILS: *You made your longtime friend Lea T, a transsexual model, the face of Givenchy's 2010 ad campaign. What made you want to face the inevitable controversy that would follow?*

Tisci: When Lea told her family [she wanted to have the operation], their reaction was not good. So she called me one day at six in the morning, and she was destroyed. Destroyed. And she said, "I want to prostitute myself. I want to go to the street because I don't have money to do it, my family doesn't give me the money, and I don't care what I have to do for it. For once in my life, I understand what I want to be, and nobody is going to stop me." The fact that she told me that she wanted to be a prostitute, it killed me. I decided to do the campaign for two reasons. To help Lea financially, and because who says so that a transsexual cannot be a top model?

DETAILS: *Did you expect the outpouring of support that came after the Lea T ad was out?*

Tisci: No. We did it in a really honest way. You know, very naïve. Like two friends loving each other. And in the end, it turned out to be this big thing, which is amazing. ■

Tisci's Standouts



The Rottweiler sweatshirt debuts for fall 2011.



Basketball and Bauhaus at the fall 2014 runway show.



Kanye performing in the now-top-selling kilt in 2011.



Scents of Style

Indie fragrances get major hype, with their esoteric notes (eau de cannon powder, anyone?) and “wildcrafted” botanicals. But don’t discount the expertise of the big brands (they tend to hire the best perfumers around). Here, six scents from names you know.

BY JON ROTH
PHOTOGRAPH BY BEN ALSOP



1. EAU DE LACOSTE L.12.12 JAUNE

It's like sitting center court at the French Open (that's the bright apple and woody cypress at work). And the bottle's cut from a different cloth—with the alligator emblem and texture of a classic piqué polo. \$69; lacoste.com

2. DOLCE & GABBANA INTENSO

Think Colin Farrell (the face of the ad campaign) in a bottle: It comes on strong but underneath exudes a surprisingly warm, old-world charm. Then there's the hot new moepel accord (from the South African moepel tree), which evokes honey dusted with tobacco. \$89; macys.com

3. BURBERRY BRIT RHYTHM INTENSE

You'll swear you're wearing a slick black moto jacket, thanks to a base note of actual leather and a trace of absinthe. We're talking liquid edge. \$88; burberry.com

4. POLO SUPREME OUD

Ralph Lauren turned to Carlos Benaim, the nose behind Polo's original hit fragrance, to create a scent all about Middle Eastern oud (described by Benaim as a smoky resin “associated with royalty and strength”). \$125; ralphlauren.com

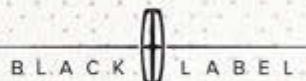
5. CALVIN KLEIN REVEAL

The curveball here? Raw salt, an unexpected mineral note that offsets the ginger and amber. This one is bolder than Klein's minimalist designs, but “his fragrances have always been more assertive than his fashions,” says perfumer Ann Gottlieb (who also developed the best sellers Obsession and Eternity). \$80; macys.com

6. CARVEN POUR HOMME

Francis Kurkdjian—the hot contemporary scent-maker from Paris—goes retro: The grassy vetiver here harks back to Carven's first male scent from the fifties. \$95; saks.com

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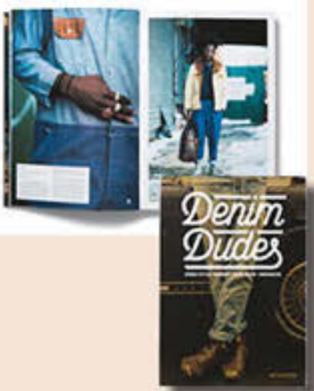


↑ MICRO NEIGHBORHOOD: LONDON'S DUKE STREET

If you set out to shop in central London, chances are you have New Bond Street or Liberty in mind. Which means you'll probably walk right past the stretch of Marylebone we're most excited about right now—Duke Street. Running from Manchester Square along Selfridges and across Oxford Street to Grosvenor Square, diminutive Duke Street is home to three big-name fashion openings in the past few months, not to mention some of the best off-the-radar restaurants in the city. Housed in a historic town house, Patrick Grant's **E. Tautz** [1] flagship includes an on-location made-to-measure program, while next door, **Private White V.C.**'s second outpost, which opened in October, presents the entire military-and-moto-racing-inspired heritage line in a vast showroom (think copper finishes and reclaimed timber). At **Duke Street Emporium** [2], in addition to A.P.C. and Paul Smith, you'll find grooming cult favorites, including Argentum Apothecary and Eight & Bob (a fragrance created for John F. Kennedy in the 1930s). Or head to **Ted's Grooming Room** (that would be Ted Baker) for a Turkish-style straight-razor-and-hot-towel shave. Finish off your walking tour with a tipsy tapas meal at **Zoilo** [3], an upscale Argentine spot beloved by locals—we recommend the caramelized pork belly and the sea-bass ceviche. —Antonina Jedrzejczak

◆ JEAN MAPPING

Amy Leverton has spent over a decade attending denim trade shows around the globe (she works as a trend forecaster in London), amassing a Rolodex of who's who in the blues world. The result is *Denim Dudes* (Laurence King Publishing, \$25), a street-style compendium featuring more than 80 men who are truly fanatical about their jeans (from a vest once owned by a Black Sabbath roadie to a two-toned jumpsuit, seen here). "I wanted a range, not just the double-indigo raw guy who loves beards and coffee," she says. With so much ground to cover—"Bangkok is kicking ass right now"—Leverton is already thinking about a follow-up. But first, she's focusing on a companion volume. "I'm working on *Denim Dudettes*—the girls are really important." —A.J.



◆ BEACHCOMBER

Leave it to a pro surfer to give something as basic (and seemingly immutable) as a comb a rad redesign. Chase Wilson, founder of the grooming line Byrd, had the bright idea to collaborate with a top surfboard-fin-maker to reimagine the humble hairstyling tool. The resulting Byrd x Futures Fins pocket comb, left, is made of surfboard-fin composite, meaning it's flexible and durable enough to tackle the gnarliest of curls. \$10; byrdhair.com —Jon Roth



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BY MAX BERLINGER



1

RAEY

Sometimes those who curate should create. Matches, England's answer to Barneys, made its name selling a carefully edited selection of other brands' goods, but this spring it's launching an in-house collection, a line of relaxed wardrobe essentials called Raey. "Our menswear business has grown enormously over the last couple of years," says creative director Rachael Proud. Taking cues from their savvy customers, Proud and her team have designed utility-minded "basics" that are on-trend but not overwrought, like a gray suede biker jacket and a cashmere tracksuit that Proud says "sums up the attitude of the collection—incidentally luxurious but done in an effortless way."



The Four Lines to Watch Right Now

With new collaborations and capsule collections launching everywhere you look, it's hard to tell what's really worth getting excited about. Here, the latest must-know labels that'll be shaping your personal style for seasons to come.



2

TOMORROWLAND

Talk about a long wait: Founded in 1978 by Hiroyuki Sasaki, this Japanese brand dipped its toe in the American market last season, when a small selection of its covetable knits landed at Mr Porter. Now the label has fully arrived, adding Barneys New York in San Francisco and Los Angeles and Carson Street Clothiers to its roster of stores. This season's offerings include laid-back, tennis-inspired drawstring trousers, unstructured blazers, and airy sweaters in collegiate stripes—all perfect courtside attire. Tomorrowland pairs louche and lighthearted designs (no fear of polka dots here) with seriously high-quality goods. "We're designing for those who appreciate authenticity," Sasaki says.



3

MAXWELL SNOW

Boy needs clothes. Boy can't find the right clothes. Boy makes clothes for himself. It's a familiar tale, and it's how artist Maxwell Snow found himself launching his eponymous label last season. The off-duty staples—leather jackets, French-terry sweatshirts, and denim (in monochromatic black and white)—are ready-made for a rebellious downtown New York photographer like Snow. "I'm not aiming to reinvent the wheel, I'm striving to return to it," he says of his aesthetic. His sophomore collection includes luxury-meets-workwear pieces like a leather windbreaker and a Western-style denim shirt but remains similarly BS-free. "I don't think you need to dress like you're going into space," Snow says, "to go on a strange trip."



4

TOMAS MAIER

Fashion people recognize Tomas Maier as the creative director of Bottega Veneta. But those truly in the know follow his understated yet indulgent namesake label. Now Maier's undertaking a major expansion, which started with the opening of a Manhattan flagship in October and will include two more retail outlets this year, as well as a full lifestyle collection (from shoes to suits). While Maier's poetic side comes through at Bottega, his German heritage can be felt in his own label's rigorous precision. "It's a designer point of view on casual living," he says. "I'm trying to figure out what people need." Exacting silhouettes and citrus tones meet in technical windbreakers over scoop-neck tees, for a look with all the ease of a Palm Beach vacation. No surprise—Maier lives there.



INSIDER //



PARTY

ALL LIT UP

The Windy City's finest turned out in full force for an in-store winter preview highlighting the Brooks Brothers winter collection. Along with our hosts Matthew Lew, Max Wastler and DJ Matt Roan, we celebrated the season with light bites and festive cocktails.

1. Max Wastler, Matt Roan & Matthew Lew



SHOP

JIMMY CHOO

Introducing the first men's fragrance from Jimmy Choo. Discover this powerfully fresh and modern scent, created for a confident and sophisticated man with a rebellious spirit. Refined notes of lavender, pineapple leaf, and elegant patchouli blend together for a fragrance that is distinctive and alluring.

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PHOTOGRAPH BY BEN ALSOP

A Lighter Shade of Pale

Give those jet black sunglasses a rest already. Reach for a pair of frames with subtly tinted lenses—gray, green, or amber—that will refresh your style.



1. Cutler and Gross
(\$500)

2. Ray-Ban
(\$165)

3. Dita
(\$600)

4. Garrett Leight
California Optical
(\$315)

5. Oliver Peoples
(\$300)

6. Gucci
(\$295)



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FOOTWEAR



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AS TOLD TO MAXWELL WILLIAMS • PHOTOGRAPH BY THE COLLABORATIONIST

HOW I GOT MY LOOK

Actor Steven Yeun

As Glenn Rhee on *The Walking Dead*, the 31-year-old often fights zombies in a classic—albeit bloody—henley. In real life, Yeun shops in Japan, on Craigslist, and in the show's hair-and-makeup trailer to find equally stylish staples.

**THE SWEATSHIRT**

"I got this North Face sweatshirt in Japan. It's from their Purple Label, which you can't get in the States. I don't know if they're doing that just to fuck with us, but it's really good stuff. Shopping in Tokyo was awesome. My girlfriend and I went for vacation, and our friends told us not to bother taking clothes, just an empty suitcase—which we ended up doing."

THE CAMERA

"I had done some research and found out that the Yashica T4 was nice to shoot with. About five years ago, I went back home to Michigan and looked on Craigslist. It's normally \$200 to \$300, and this kid was selling it for 25 bucks. I was like, 'What? Am I going to get killed?' But I met up with him, and he rolled up blasting Kid Rock, had a flat-bill cap on and a flannel shirt. I felt bad, because I knew how much the camera is worth. I was like, 'Why are you selling this?' And he's like, 'Oh, I have a camera on my phone now.' I'm thinking, You stole this shit, man. But he sold it to me."

**THE HAIR**

"Our hair person on the show, Taylor Knight, came up with this thing called Tay Tay's Concoction. It's a bunch of stuff that she mixed together. She's trying to make a label for it eventually. She just bottles it and gives it to us. It's like crack. We'll be five months away from shooting, and I'll be like, 'Taylor! I need Tay Tay's Concoction, man!'"

THE SUNGLASSES

"This pair is Steven Alan. They're nice, but they're my replacements. My first shoot that I ever did, in 2012, was for Mr Porter, and they gave me a pair of Cutler and Gross sunglasses that I just loved. Of course, I lost them. Sunglasses are like umbrellas."

THE WATCH

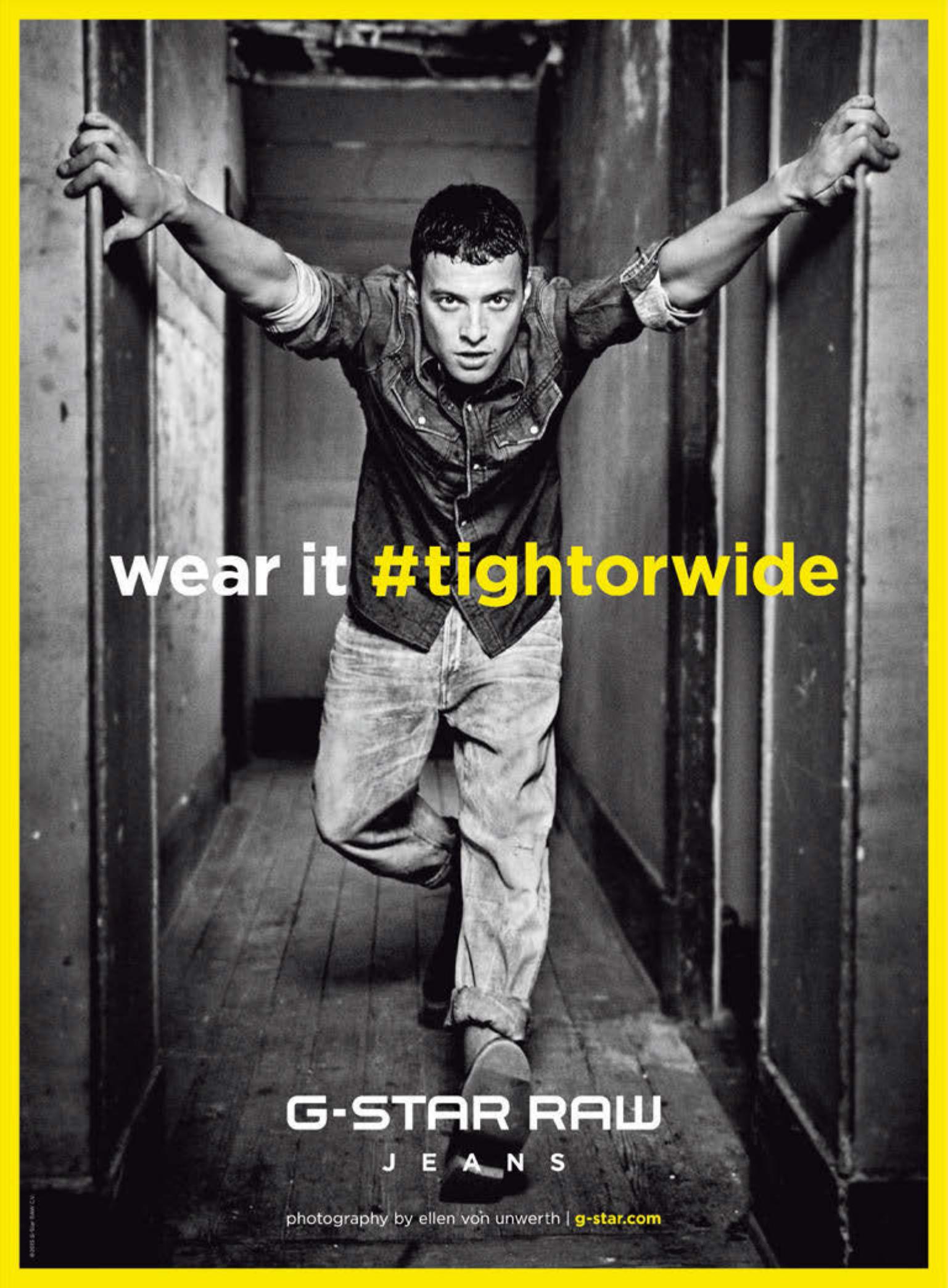
"Andy Lincoln [who plays Rick Grimes on *The Walking Dead*] actually put this seed in my head. He was like, 'You know what you should do for your 30th birthday? Get yourself a vintage watch from the year you were born.' And my friend Alanna Masterson, who's also on the show, was like, 'There's a great place called Wanna Buy a Watch, in L.A.' I went there and found this Rolex made in 1983. That's my one splurge."

THE SOCKS

"These are Chup socks. It's not even about needing a sock to be flashy, but I've just never gotten down with the white-sock thing."

THE BOOTS

"My boots are made by the Atlanta brand Sid Mashburn. They make suits, shoes—soulful stuff. Typically, I have a pair of Alden Indy boots, but they're getting resoled. They call it an Indy boot because Harrison Ford wore them for *Indiana Jones*. They are awesome—you beat them to shit and they look better and better."



wear it #tightorwide

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BY KAYLEEN SCHAEFER

TREND

You're So Vein

Gymgoers may have stopped shedding their shirts, but they're still showing off their lean, fantastically fit physiques: These days, vanity is alive and well and definitely has a pulse. [CONTINUED →](#)



→ CONTINUED

FEAR NOT, GYM DANDIES: JUST BECAUSE IT'S GAUCHE TO GO topless to show off your physique in this post-Jersey Shore world, the fanatically fit are still engaging in a highly visible vain pursuit—namely, veins. Think of the passionate yoga practitioner holding an elevated lotus pose an extra minute, the boot-camp devotee cranking out plyos, or the health-club habitué slogging through super-sets of hammer curls—they're all seeking the same fitness trophy: a blue ribbon etched along the skin, signifying that their bodies are leaner than a grad student's budget.

"Vascularity is the new six-pack," says Elias Carmelo, a personal trainer and model in New York City, who says that making his veins pop is his top priority before a photo shoot. The most essential is the cephalic, which runs along the forearm and the biceps from the wrist to mid-shoulder—a beating indicator that a tank-top or tight-tee wearer is in shape everywhere else. "When you can see that vein, you think, Wow, that guy's pretty fit," Carmelo says.

Andrew Ginsburg, a personal trainer in New York, notes that "every Calvin Klein model ever has had that arm vein. It's a rite of passage. If you don't have it, your arms aren't that good."

It doesn't end there. Other vanity veins throb on the quads or the insides of the calves or—the most difficult to achieve—below the devil's horns, pulsing arrows pointing to washboard abs and points south. But visible veins are a sought-after marker of fitness because BMI is a BFD. Veins don't appear unless your body fat is shockingly low, between 8 and 10 percent, according to Jay Cardiello, a celebrity strength-and-conditioning coach who's worked with 50 Cent, Ryan Seacrest, and Dallas Mavericks center Tyson Chandler. "Guys aren't working out like bodybuilders anymore," Cardiello says. "They're going to CrossFit, Barry's Bootcamp, or another extreme workout where they're constantly crushing you."

The aesthetic ideal today is taut and toned, more Joe Manganiello (or—truth—Linda Hamilton in *Terminator 2*) than Schwarzenegger. "The huge bodybuilding look has become passé," Ginsburg says. "If you're too big, you don't look good in clothes. You want to look toned and healthy, not like you use steroids. Veins are symbols of being lean and ripped."

Naturally, many guys seek shortcuts. Beyond obsessively stoking their metabolism, vein chasers follow strict bloat-free diets, limiting sodium most days and tapering their water intake for 24 hours to dry out ahead of whatever event they want to look their fittest for. Before working out, some also pop agmatine-sulfate supplements (derived from L-arginine, sometimes called natural Viagra) and drink beet juice—both increase blood flow to the muscles. They even rely on a series of last-minute tricks borrowed from both bodybuilders and red-carpet-walking celebs, such as rubbing skin-tightening Preparation H on areas they want to appear more vascular or lifting weights to pump up the arm vein (see "The Vascular Arm Workout" below). And it might all be worth it. For the fit guy who keeps his shirt on, there's no better way to hint at what's underneath it.

"If you're vascular, you're in shape," Cardiello says. "There's a wow factor to your veins popping out." ■



The must-show-off cephalic vein runs along the forearm and the biceps.

The Vascular Arm Workout

Get vein—fast—with this quick-acting regimen by trainer Andrew Ginsburg. Be sure to go slow: Each repetition should take three seconds—one on the way up and two on the way down. Increase weight with each successive set and rest 30 seconds between sets.

1 HAMMER CURLS

Move: Holding dumbbells in both hands, keep your palms facing each other as you lift, bending at the elbows.
Sets: 3 (first 15 reps, then 12 for each of the next 2)

2 REVERSE PREACHER CURLS

Move: Sitting at a preacher bench, do a reverse curl (palms down, overhand grip) with the barbell.
Sets: 3 (first 15 reps, then 12 for each of the next 2)

3 STANDING REVERSE CURLS

Move: Standing upright, hold the barbell (palms down, overhand grip) with both hands and do a reverse curl.
Sets: 3 (20 reps each)

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The Truth About Grass-Fed Dairy and Five Other Questionable Food Fads

NATURAL WINE

What It Is

No additives (like sulfur) and no adjusted flavor or alcohol content. Just a bottle of pure, fermented grapes.

Find It

At specialty bars such as Ten Bells on New York City's Lower East Side and on some top-shelf restaurants' wine lists.

The Sell

In our detox-happy age, why would you want more chemicals in your body?

Plus, natural wines promise a hang-over-free morning.

The Truth

The sulfite worry is a storm in a wine-glass—there's more in packaged soup or dried fruit, says Jessica Brown, wine director at The Breslin in New York. And sadly, that hangover claim comes with zero evidence.

ALOE WATER

What It Is

Water fortified with juice from our go-to sunburn soother.

Find It

At Whole Foods or Dimes in New York and other savvy health-food stores.

The Sell

Sipping vitamin B12-heavy aloe fights inflammation and free-radical damage that can blight the skin.

The Truth

While it has anti-inflammatory properties when rubbed on the skin, there's little evidence that downing it has the same effect.

GRASS-FED DAIRY

What It Is

Milk, butter, or cheese produced from cows fattened on grass.

Find It

At most upscale grocery stores—look for Organic Valley Grass-milk or Kerrygold Pure Irish Butter.

The Sell

It has more omega-3 fatty acids and vitamin E than dairy raised on corn or soy.

The Truth

Milk this trend for all it's worth. "It contains a storehouse of nutrition and beneficial bacteria," says Dr. Robert Kominarek, a hormone specialist.

Consuming clay . . . swallowing aloe . . . Is the new class of wellness status symbols a cure for all that ails us? Or should we take them with an (ancient) grain of salt?

ANCIENT GRAINS

What They Are

Complex carbs that have been forgotten about for generations, such as amaranth, kamut, spelt, and teff.

Find Them

In everything from Trader Joe's pizza crust to Cheerios (yes, an Ancient Grains version was just released).

The Sell

Most are gluten-free and stacked with essential amino acids, vitamins, and minerals that aren't in white flour or wheat.

The Truth

Be wary when buying packaged goods like cereals or pastas—sometimes the amount included is as low as one percent.

DRINKING CLAY

What It Is

A mud mask you can swallow: Clays like bentonite or montmorillonite (both from volcanic ash) are mixed into water or smoothies.

Find It

At juice bars like Juice Generation in New York and Juice Served Here in Los Angeles (and in celebs' kitchens—Shailene Woodley and Zoë Kravitz are fans).

The Sell

Bolstered by its skin-care cred—clay helps dry out acne—it's supposed to absorb chemicals and pesticides in your body.

The Truth

Do you really want to chug a glassful of grit? Plus, "clay has been shown to contain known carcinogens, including arsenic," says New York dermatologist Whitney Bowe.



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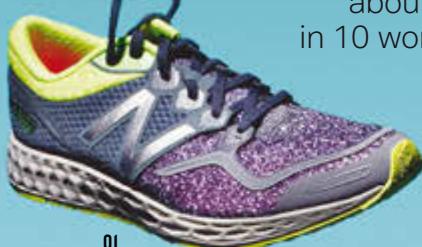
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BY LISA JHUNG • PHOTOGRAPH BY VICTOR PRADO

Running Mates

Spring is here, which means that a new wave of sneakers promising to take you farther and faster are about to hit shelves. Here, we review six of the best—in 10 words or less, so as not to slow you down.



01



02



03



04



05



06

01 The Featherweight

Lighter than an iPhone; absorbs way more impact.
NEW BALANCE Zante, \$100

02 The Perma-Spring

A bottom that bounces back; ideal for endurance junkies.
ADIDAS Ultra Boost, \$180

03 The Pillow Sole

Support for when the box jumps and burpees pile up.
NIKE Lunartempo, \$110

04 The Streetwear Double

Pair with jeans; motivate to get to the gym later.
PUMA Pulse XT, \$75

05 The Foot Cradler

Cooler than Vibrams and equally good for promoting top form.
ALTRA Superior 2.0, \$110

06 The Trailblazer

The sticky tread stops slips; built for tough paths.
LA SPORTIVA Mutant, \$130



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RUB HERE TO TRY THE EXQUISITE NIGHT FRAGRANCE



BY GRACE CLARKE • PHOTOGRAPH BY ADAM VOORHES

Can Popping a Pill Make You Look Younger?

The marketers of nutricosmetics say so. Everything from eye cream to sunscreen is now offered in an ingestible version. But the jury is out on whether you should swallow.



A SKEPTIC'S GUIDE TO NUTRICOSMETICS

FOR THINNING HAIR Viviscal (\$50)

The Claim: Guys who take the follicle-stimulating tablets twice daily for at least three months will be rewarded with thicker, stronger strands.
The Verdict: Worth it for men whose heads are more William than Harry.

FOR BLOATING Juice Generation's Activated Greens With Charcoal Juice (\$10)

The Claim: The charcoal (which you can't taste) absorbs gas and toxins.
The Verdict: A worthy addition to—not a substitute for—a healthy diet.

CHANCES ARE, YOUR MEDICINE CABINET runneth over. Moisturizers and eye creams are stacked atop toners and serums atop thickening shampoos and hydrating conditioners and . . . more eye creams. Imagine replacing them all with a handful of pills and a couple of tinctures. In the world of nutricosmetics, capsules, powders, drinkable solutions, and even fruit snacks formulated with antioxidants and vitamins like biotin and niacin promise to improve the look of hair and skin faster than topicals by infiltrating the bloodstream. If it all sounds a little radical, or too convenient, note that you've likely already drunk the Kool-Aid on nutricosmetics without knowing it. Ever downed a green juice? Meet the original nutricosmetic. "How you look really begins with what you put into your body, and recently my clients have been drinking juice to improve their appearance more than their physical fitness," says Eric Helms, founder of Juice Generation, which helped take juicing mainstream. Helms' blends include sea-buckthorn oil and charcoal, both standout ingredients in the new field. Already generating billions in sales in Asia, the nutricosmetics industry aims to capture a sizable share of the U.S. market. And since nutricosmetics also allegedly promote cell turnover and detoxification, you won't just look better—you'll feel sharper, too.

But given the lack of FDA approval and the dearth of data, doctors and nutritionists aren't convinced. "If a pill is swallowed, it must pass through the digestive tract and might take even longer to get to the desired skin target area than a topical lotion," says Los Angeles dermatologist Annie Chiu. Dr. Shannon Humphrey, a cosmetic der-

matologist and an assistant professor at the University of British Columbia, agrees: "There are potential risks to exposing your whole body to something that's untested. If you want to ensure an antiager actually works, choose one with some evidence behind it." On the other hand, fans of nutricosmetics argue that their powers come from being comprehensive rather than specialized: allover applications of SPF in pill form, for example. A recent study in the *Journal of Pharmaceutical Sciences* found that when some products are swallowed, a greater percentage of their ingredients are absorbed.

One category of ingestibles that has legs—and legitimacy, thanks to solid testing—is antioxidants. They fight free radicals, which break down cells, causing sagging skin, an uneven complexion, and cancer. Our bodies can typically manage them, but taking an antioxidant combats the additional damage that results from pollution and UV rays. Products like MenScience's Advanced Antioxidants, which bills itself as a one-stop shop, contain the same nutrients found in blueberries and spinach, in a convenient package.

Still, some experts take an old-school (and no-cost) approach to wellness. "I prescribe water and sleep before I prescribe any supplements," says Dr. Doris Day, a dermatologist and the author of *Forget the Facelift*. "Everything these pills aim to do, sleep does naturally." She points out that supplements are so-named because they're meant to complement—not replace—a balanced lifestyle. Here, we break down which edibles are worth adding to your grooming regimen. ■

FOR SUN DAMAGE Heliocare (\$30)

The Claim: Taken 30 minutes before you step outside, these tablets offer an SPF of 2.5 (and help protect forgotten areas like the hairline).
The Verdict: Some derms recommend it, but you still have to apply sunblock.

FOR PARCHED SKIN David Kirsch DK Wellness Water (\$3)

The Claim: Added potassium and magnesium rehydrate you nine times faster than plain old water.
The Verdict: It's unproven but costs about the same as other bottled H2O.

FOR WRINKLES Dr. Venessa's Anti-Aging Powder With Collagen (from \$60)

The Claim: Powdered collagen boosts cellular turnover; billed as a syringe alternative.
The Verdict: Skip it. "Absorbing collagen is unlikely," says dermatologist Terrence Keaney.



Guide to CONFIDENCE



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**STEP TWO:
LACE**



**STEP THREE:
TOUCH UP**

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BY ARIANNE COHEN
ILLUSTRATION BY JEONG SUH,
BRYAN CHRISTIE DESIGN

THE REAL EFFECTS OF BINGE-WATCHING TV...



...ON YOUR SPINE

The problem: Sitting curves your spine into a C-shape, and keeping it that way too long can cause cramped and aching muscles and smashed organs.

The solution: Consider a recliner. It'll let your back keep the natural, better-for-you S-shape it has when you're standing, says Galen Cranz, a posture expert and professor at the University of California Berkeley.



...ON YOUR BRAIN

The problem: You're a zombie (and not the badass *Walking Dead* kind). Researchers at Brigham and Women's Hospital recently found that a typical binge in front of fluorescent light (about four hours) before bed results in a harder time falling asleep, less REM sleep, and grogginess the next day, even after clocking eight hours. The culprit: The "blue light" TVs emit inhibits the release of melatonin, a hormone that helps you knock off.

The solution: Limit your viewing to three hours after work. Daytime binging won't affect your sleep cycle.



...ON YOUR LUNGS

The problem: Sitting shrinks your lung capacity by a third, so you get less oxygen, which causes a decrease in mental focus the second your ass hits the couch.

The solution: Sit in a chair with a pillow behind your lower back—a position that helps open your lungs.



...ON YOUR HEART

The problem: Your ticker will stop beating sooner. An Australian study of national health records found that, on average, every single hour of TV watching after age 25 reduces life expectancy by close to 22 minutes.

The solution: Researchers have discovered little mortality risk for people who watch less than an hour a day. Pick a show that's a real mind-fuck (like *Black Mirror*), so you're more likely to need time between episodes.



...ON YOUR QUADS

The problem: You get soft. People who say they watch TV "very often" are 40 percent more likely than non-TV watchers to exercise less than one hour a week, according to a six-year study of more than 15,000 adults.

The solution: Use *Game of Thrones* (or, hell, *The Bachelor*) as motivation. Seeing someone fit onscreen makes you more likely to want your body to look like his, says research from Boise State in Idaho.



...ON YOUR GUT

The problem: Weight gain. A six-year U.S. study found that for every two hours of TV you watch a day, you're 23 percent more likely to become obese (and 14 percent more likely to develop diabetes).

The solution: Avoid the Food Network. Studies show—not shockingly—that, say, hate-watching Guy Fieri makes you want to stuff your face, too.



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"BIG IN JAPAN" PG 162

IN A FIT OF ON-SET FATIGUE, SHIMIKEN WENT PUBLIC WITH HIS FEELINGS ABOUT THE STRESSES OF BEING ONE OF THE FEW MALE TALENTS IN JAPANESE ADULT VIDEO: "IN THIS INDUSTRY THERE ARE ONLY 70 MALE PORN STARS TO 10,000 WOMEN. THE NUMBER OF MALE PORN STARS IN JAPAN IS LESS THAN THAT OF BENGAL TIGERS," HE WROTE IN A TWEET. "WITH 4,000 NEW FILMS EVERY MONTH, THE NUMBER OF MALE ACTORS SIMPLY ISN'T ENOUGH."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARK SELIGER STYLING BY BEN STURGILL

THIS SEASON, IT WASN'T A STRETCH FOR DESIGNERS TO
FIND INSPIRATION IN THE DANCE WORLD. THE RESULT IS A
FRESH TAKE ON TEES, TANKS, AND CRISP WHITE BUTTON-DOWNS—
LAYERED OR WORN SEPARATELY, WITH ULTRALIGHT
TROUSERS—THAT TRULY
RAISES THE BARRE.

high pointe



Calvin Royal III,
American Ballet Theatre

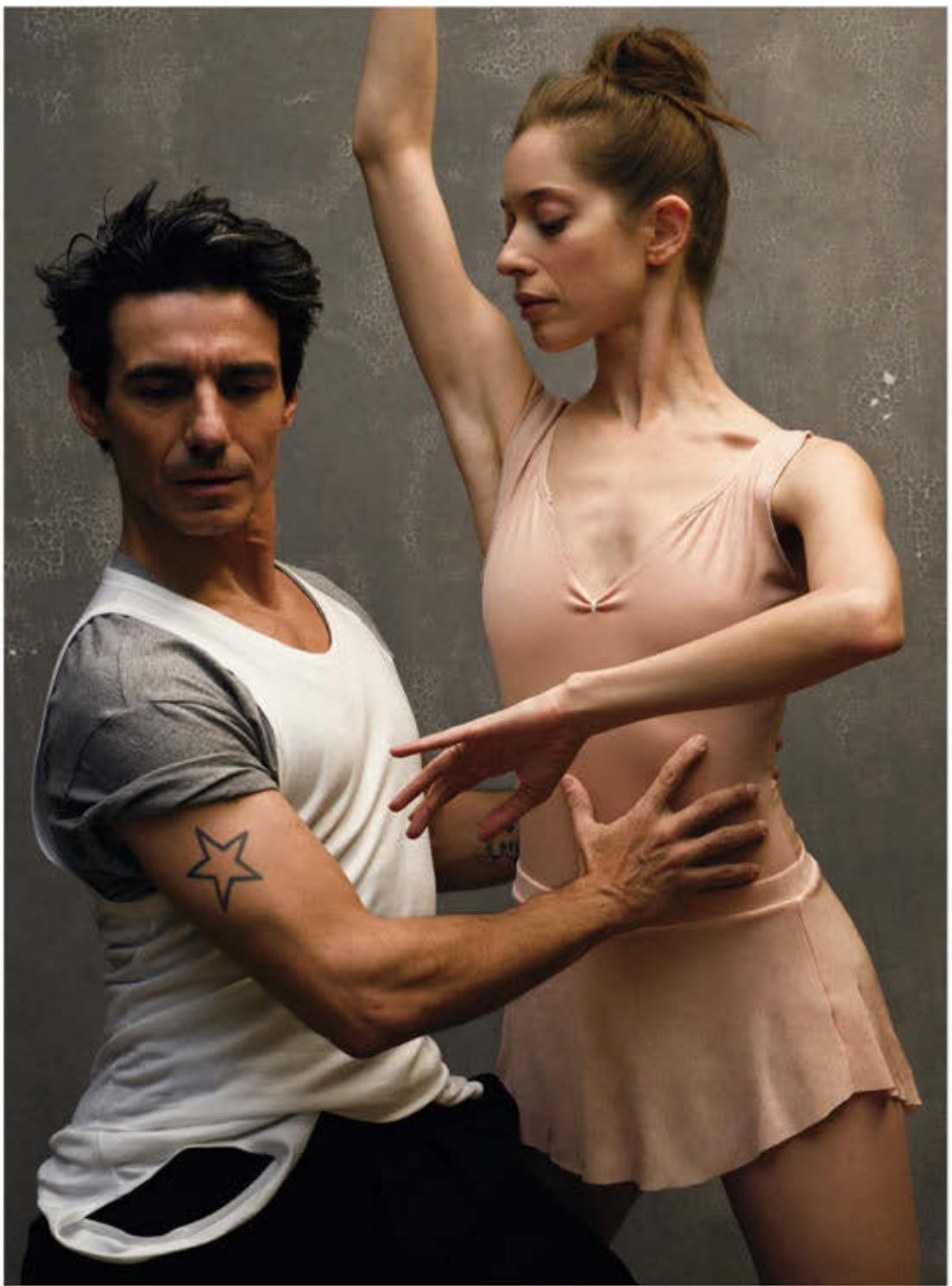
Dries Van Noten. Footwear
throughout, dancers' own.





Jakob Karr,
professional dancer

Shirt by Dries Van Noten.
Pants by DKNY Men.



Joaquin De Luz and
Rebecca Krohn,
New York City Ballet

—
On De Luz: Tank top and
pants by **Ermenegildo**
Zegna Couture. T-shirt by
AJX Armani Exchange.
On Krohn: Clothing, her own.



Andrew Veyette and
Teresa Reichlen,
New York City Ballet

On Veyette: Tank top and pants
by **Salvatore Ferragamo**.
Tank top underneath by
Dries Van Noten. On Reichlen:
Leotard by **Live the Process**.



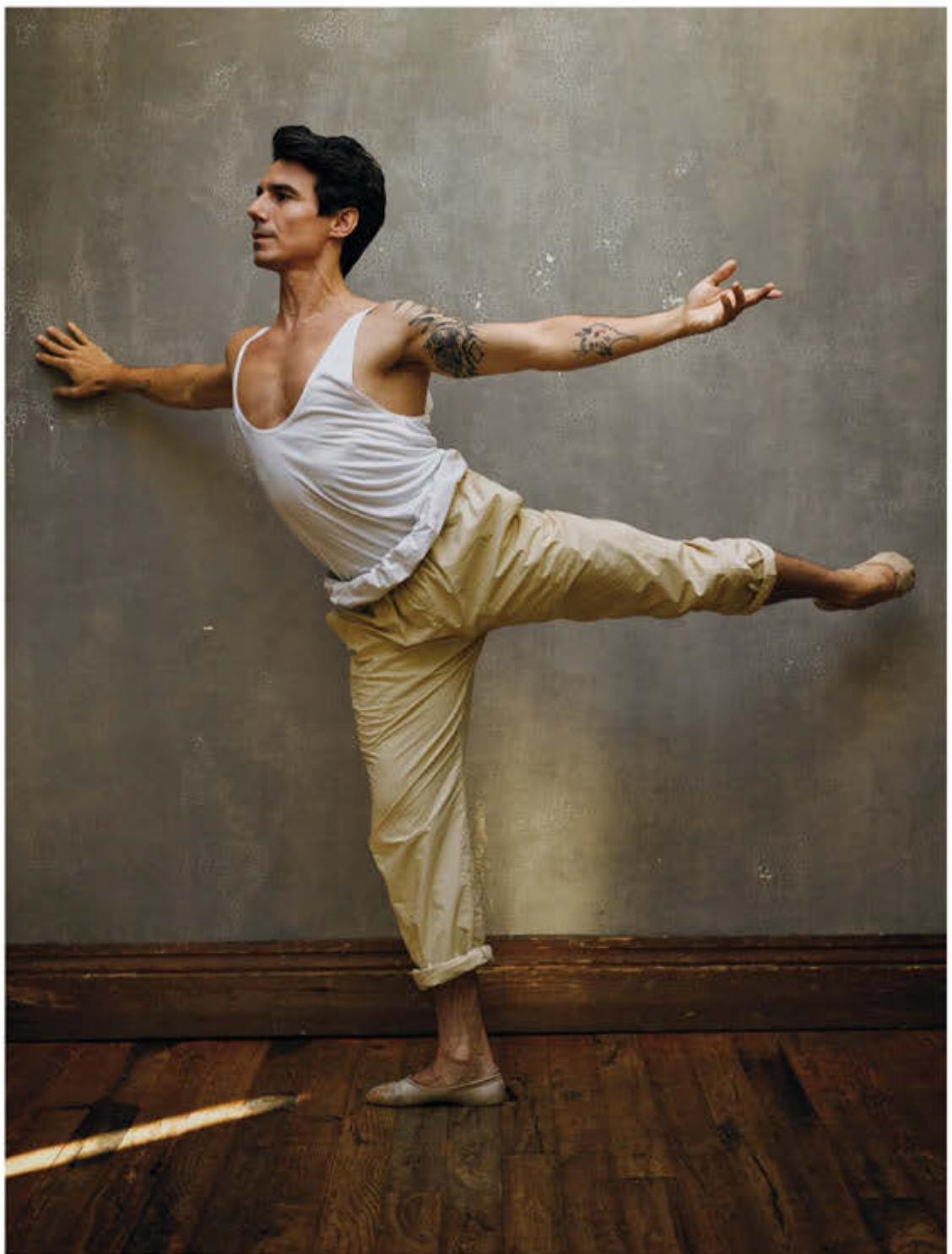


Gonzalo Garcia, New York City Ballet. Calvin Royal III, American Ballet Theatre.

On Garcia: Shirt by Paul & Shark. Harness by Dries Van Noten. Pants by Vince.

On Royal: T-shirt by Dolce & Gabbana.

Harness by Dries Van Noten. Pants by Siki Im.



Joaquin De Luz,
New York City Ballet

—
Bottega Veneta

Sam Black and Billy Smith,
Mark Morris Dance Group

On Black: T-shirt and pants by
Hugo Boss. Knit belt by **Dries Van Noten.**
On Smith: Tank top by
Maison Martin Margiela. Pants by **Etro.**







Andrew Veyette and Teresa Reichlen, New York City Ballet. Calvin Royal III, American Ballet Theatre. Joaquin De Luz, New York City Ballet.

On Veyette: Sweater by Hermès. Pants by Wooyoungmi.
On Reichlen: Leotard by Live the Process. Skirt, her own.
On Royal: Calvin Klein Collection.
On De Luz: Sweater and pants by Michael Kors. Tank top by Lanvin.

Hair by Kenna at Art Department using ghd Curve.
Grooming by Chris Colbeck for DiorSkin Star at Art Department.
Movement consulting by Summation Dance.
Casting by Edward Kim at The Edit Desk.
Production by Ruth Levy.

Andrew Veyette, New York
City Ballet. **Jakob Karr**,
professional dancer.

On Veyette: Tank top by **Robert Geller**. Pants by **Issey Miyake**. Belt by **Richard Chai**. On Karr: **Valentino**.



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BIG IN

JAPAN

AT 35, SHIMIKEN IS THE KING OF JAPANESE PORN, A \$20 BILLION INDUSTRY THAT PRODUCES MORE THAN DOUBLE THE NUMBER OF ADULT FILMS THAT AMERICA DOES. THE ONLY PROBLEM: HE'S PART OF AN ENDANGERED SPECIES—1 OF ONLY 70 (MAYBE JUST 30, BY SOME ESTIMATES) MALE ACTORS IN A BUSINESS THAT CHURNS OUT THOUSANDS OF VIDEOS A YEAR—AND WHILE HE KEEPS COMING, THE REINFORCEMENTS DON'T. WHY WON'T ANYBODY HELP THIS GUY OUT, FOR FUCK'S SAKE?





LAST MAN SCREWING: In his 18-year career, Shimiken has made more than 7,000 films, copulating with everyone from former teen pop singers to a pair of 72-year-old twins. A prolific performer, he works himself to the bone eight or nine hours a day, seven days a week, and hasn't had a vacation in seven years.

ON A SUNNY SATURDAY MORNING IN EASTERN Tokyo, a silver Audi pulls into a parking lot and sparks pandemonium. Out of the driver's seat bounces a small, stocky man with bulging biceps, spiky orange hair, and a broad smile spread across his effulgent, spray-tanned face. He bounds onto the pavement wearing a hoodie and a T-shirt that reads **SEX INSTRUCTOR**. To his left, the mostly male crowd leans forward, en masse. "Shimiken!" several shout, and a clatter of smartphone shutter sounds follows like a round of applause.

"Let's go," Shimiken whispers to a handler attempting to clear a path through the throng. He raises one arm over his head to air-high-five his riveted fans. It's the morning of the Japan Adult Expo, and the crowd has been waiting for tickets. Inside, they'll get to meet the stars of their wildest fantasies. Outside, they've already caught a glimpse of something rarer: the man who has actually lived them all.

At 35 years old, Shimiken is the king of Japanese porn, more often referred to here as AV (adult video), and there is essentially nothing he won't do or hasn't done while getting busy with more than 7,500 different female costars, including a former teen pop singer, Hungarian exchange students, and a pair of 72-year-old twins. In 18 years and more than 7,000 films, Shimiken has refused only one scenario: having sex with an actress after she had sex with a dog. (He agreed to a rewrite in which the dog merely licked butter off the woman before their scene.)

Shimiken's catholic attitude toward kink, combined with what—in porn years—is an epic tenure, has earned him the widespread national recognition of a younger Ron Jeremy or a more seasoned James Deen. The 50-year-old driver picking me up from the Tokyo airport hears his name and nods: "Shimiken? Shimiken is famous. Or at least, his dick is." Everyone in the AV industry reveres both his name and his anatomy (16 centimeters—or 6.3 inches—per an online profile), though the latter is always pixelated. As Shimiken passes through the halls of the convention's backstage, robed women pop out from side rooms and coo greetings through cigarette smoke, including *otsukaresama*, which literally means "you must be tired." It's a standard Japanese offering of thanks, but in this case, it has an all-too-apt application. Because everyone in the know understands that Shimiken is beset by XXX exhaustion.

A few months ago, in a fit of on-set fatigue, Shimiken went public with his feelings about the stresses of being one of the few male talents in Japanese adult video: "In this industry there are only 70 male porn stars to 10,000 women. The number of male porn stars in Japan is less than that of Bengal tigers," he wrote in a tweet. "With 4,000 new films every month, the number of male actors simply isn't enough. This industry is like a hole in the wall that needs to get bigger!" By the time he wrapped up his next money shot and checked his phone, his call to arms, or cry for help, had been retweeted more than 3,000 times.

"The 70 guys refers to the stallions on call,"

explains an AV filmmaker named Daeng (who requested that his last name be withheld). High-profile actors, like Shimiken, are in heavier rotation. "It's a physically demanding job, and if they do run out of juice, it's not good." The AV director Michiru Ayashiyama worries that this already overtaxed group of performers will not only tire out but also age out of relevance. "I sincerely hope the younger pool increases," he says, "because soon these actors are going to get old. Their experience will go up, but their strength will go down."

And so Shimiken arrives at Japan's largest porn expo bearing a nation's libido on his shoulders. He hasn't taken a vacation in seven years. He's too busy keeping it up in order to keep an estimated \$20 billion industry from going limp.

THOUGH SHIMIKEN'S COUNT OF WORKING

male porn actors might seem low, other insiders have pegged the number as even lower, closer to 30. As for their female counterparts, a controversial Japanese article recently asserted that, statistically, 1 in 200 Japanese women had appeared in an AV film, with an industry chum of 6,000 new actresses a year, according to the author Atsuhiko Nakamura. Demand is high—Japan produces more than double the number of porn films as the U.S., though America has more than twice its population.

Even in the U.S., most aspiring men drop out when faced with the realities of porn. "We're not talking about splitting firewood here, but it is very physically demanding,"

"WE'RE NOT TALKING ABOUT SPLITTING FIREWOOD HERE, BUT PORN ACTOR OF SHIMIKEN'S EIGHT-TO-NINE-HOUR-A-DAY,



PHOTOGRAPHS, FROM LEFT: COURTESY OF JAKE ADELSTEIN; BY JEREMY LIEBMAN.

says Kevin O'Neal, a former porn actor and a current agent at Adult Talent Managers in Los Angeles. "And you're going to have to do it with a camera between your legs." Among AV performers, Shimiken's stamina is legendary—his workload often has him shooting eight or nine hours a day, seven days a week. "He must be Mr. Magic," O'Neal concludes.

To maintain the strength necessary to make up to six movies a day, Shimiken exercises 90 minutes a day, four days a week, focusing on heavy weight lifting and deep squats, which he says not only help his thrusts but also build up testosterone. He lives off a go-bag filled with glutamine, branched-chain amino acid, zinc (said to make semen whiter), arginine, and vitamin jelly. He dumps the bag's contents out for inspection, and nowhere in the pile is the pill that fuels the American porn industry: Viagra. "I haven't had to use it," he says. "Yet."

While the physical requirements are certainly a barrier to entry for most men, Shimiken points out that because the ranks are thin, they stay thin—despite the obvious benefits. "Men say the pool is just too small to risk entering," he explains. "Anyone who tries it will be immediately recognizable and could rule out ever having a normal life."

Though a few AV stars (mostly female) have transitioned to success as TV presenters or talking-head personalities, "Shimiken's concerns do point to very real issues regarding social stigma in Japan," says Kumiko Endo, an adjunct professor of religion at Hofstra University. "There are definite roadblocks

for former AV actors who want to transition into the mainstream."

Yujiro Enoki, the director of the documentary *The Other Side of the Sex*, goes further, warning that great fame can bring great shame. "Once you have become an AV star, it becomes very hard to get a 'normal' job," he says. "And it can only become worse if you try to conceal your past. It doesn't matter whether you are retired or not, you cannot have financial credit from a bank, so it's really difficult to get, for example, a housing loan." Several years back, Shimiken found himself unable to rent an apartment. Landlord after landlord judged his occupation objectionable, even when he showed them a full bank account. He was able to sign a lease only when one real-estate agent revealed she was a fan. She offered to get him a place to live if he'd come to dinner with fans from her office.

"DO YOU HAVE MY COSTUME?" SHIMIKEN asks Shota Wakasugi, a lanky twentysomething in a bright-blue hoodie wearing Harry Potter glasses. With a flourish, he pulls out a Day-Glo orange reindeer costume just a shade off from Shimiken's own head-to-toe tawnyess. Wakasugi works for Tonakai, an herbal supplement that promises to give users the relentless endurance of Santa's preferred sled animals and, consumers can hope, Shimiken himself. Sexual-enhancement supplements are big business in Japan, and while Shimiken eschews the little blue pill, he was, according to Wakasugi, a natural for Tonakai's spokesman because of his cheerful nature, good

energy, and, of course, "incomparable stamina." When asked why more men don't follow his client's career path, Wakasugi pauses for a moment, then hands Shimiken a mask adorned with phallic antlers and a glittering orange superhero cape. "I don't know if men here don't want to do what he does," he says, "or if they simply physically can't do it."

In 2013, *The Guardian* reported that a huge swath of Japan's younger generation was suffering from "celibacy syndrome," with 45 percent of women ages 16 to 24 and more than 25 percent of men ages 16 to 24 reporting no interest in sex whatsoever. This comes on the heels of other apocalyptic erotic forecasts: Japan has the second-lowest birthrate in the world, one in four marriages is reportedly sexless, and a new term has cast a long shadow in the cultural conversation: *soshokuei dansei*, or grass-eating men, which is used to describe a generation of young males who are unassertive with women and uninterested in the intricacies of courtship and intimacy. In a recent poll, 60.5 percent of men between 20 and 34 identified as grass-eaters, which helps explain why Japan ranks as the world's second-largest porn market (behind only South Korea—the U.S. lags at a distant third).

"I don't necessarily think this particular generation has had a decline in sexual desire, but there has been a shift in sexual outlets," Endo says. As Japan's young men consume more pornography and pursue fewer traditional dating opportunities, the disparity builds, with "higher pornography feeding into the declining interpersonal element,"

IT IS VERY PHYSICALLY DEMANDING," SAYS ONE FORMER SEVEN-DAY-A-WEEK SCHEDULE. "HE MUST BE MR. MAGIC."



PHOTOGRAPH: COURTESY OF JAKE ADELSTEIN.

creating a vicious circle of solo love. For the large portion of Japan's so-called grass-eating men, Endo says, the drift toward more porn and fewer relationships "is more about passively opting out than making a decision." Japan's foundering economy is also a factor. "You have a generation of men who haven't found security financially, while their fathers did by their age. That lends itself to undermining masculinity," she says. "And there's no real pickup or bar-dating culture, so it takes a lot of proactive energy and confidence to put yourself out there."

LIKE A SEX MACHINE From left: Shimiken with Shota Wakasugi of Tonakai supplements, which he endorses; showing off the porn-ready physique he maintains by exercising 90 minutes a day, four days a week; in full horny-reindeer regalia for Tonakai at the Japan Adult Expo.

CONFIDENCE WAS NEVER A PROBLEM FOR Shimiken. Born Ken Shimizu in 1979 in a small village hours outside Tokyo, he is squarely in the generation that would later be called *soshokukei dansei*. But Shimiken never had any taste for grass. By 15, he was honing his skills as a pickup artist, obsessively if not always successfully hitting on women on the street and in arcades. He loved sex and porn unabashedly. The dirtier, the better. While other boys were in class, Shimiken would sneak onto the school roof and jack off over the side of the building, hearing the screams of the girls below as his semen splattered on their classroom windows. After stumbling upon a scatological porn parody of *The Swiss Family Robinson* (which, in a failure of translation, can only be described as *The Shit and Piss Family Robinson*), he wrote an editorial for the school newspaper about how its rare and elegant beauty deserved an Academy Award. When the paper refused to print his paean, he posted it on a bulletin board until a teacher tore it down. For Shimiken, the write-up was serious. "Until I saw that movie, I was so ashamed of my own kinks and desires," he says. "Then I saw there is a place where I could live these things out and have fun—a place it's totally acceptable. Maybe there are other people like me, too."

Despite a penchant for erotic mischief, Shimiken earned entrance to one of Tokyo's top private universities—generally a golden ticket to the bourgeoisie—but while his classmates competed for the next brass ring, Shimiken did the unthinkable. He opted out and began taking odd jobs to support his real passion: working in adult films. "I knew I had fetishes, and I knew there was only one place where I could live them, free from judgment. So I become a *ronin*," he says, using the derogatory term for students who aren't recruited out of high school and have to wander aimlessly, like the masterless samurai of yore. After a brief return to college, he dropped out, devoting himself full-time to AV.

When his first on-camera opportunity came, it wasn't quite the glamorous orgy he'd imagined. He answered an ad in a local paper and showed up to an unpalatable offer: 15,000 yen (\$126) to eat a plate of actual feces, take it or leave it. He took it. The next day, he was so sick that he went to the hospital, where doctors put him on intravenous antibiotics, diagnosed him with what he remembers simply as a "shit disease," and billed him 20,000 yen (\$168). It was a brutal baptism but not uncommon, says Shimiken. For the first year,

he was paid so little he had to pull extra shifts working traffic control and even serving as a guinea pig for university lab experiments.

On top of this, he also had to face down public shaming. While working his way up in the AV world, he landed a gig on an evening TV show and gained a cult following as a jokester, jock-y personality. "My parents were so excited to see me on TV," he recalls. Then one day, his cohosts decided to sabotage him and outed him on air as a pornographic performer.

"The world stopped," Shimiken remembers. Everyone in his hometown was watching. He feared his outing could cost him his part-time jobs, his apartment, and any hope of working a straight gig again. But the revelations only deepened his resolve. Instead of covering it up or apologizing, Shimiken admitted to his porn work—even the scatological forays—with such charm and humor that the public was intrigued with this unflappable, lovable pervert. The network even started a segment called "Let's Fix Shimiken," in which they would send the young star out to skydive or bungee-jump to see if extreme activity would break him of his X-rated addiction. It never did. But juicy AV offers started rolling in.

"My parents were surprised but not really surprised," he says, laughing. "They knew I was good with girls. So they said they'd consider it like another part-time job." In one of Shimiken's most popular videos, he picks up nonprofessional performers off the street and charms them into coming back and making a video at his house. In one take, his mother barges in unexpectedly, asking, "Shimiken? What is going on here?" Shimiken begged the director to take it out of the cut, but her scolding stayed and the cinema verité moment helped boost his bawdy boy-next-door image.

As Shimiken's public profile grew, he began approaching his career with the commitment of an elite athlete: eating an all-protein diet, lifting weights, abstaining from alcohol, and staying up late at night to practice ejaculating on glamour shots of starlets to get the aim of his *gansha* (facial) just right. "It's rude to get it in a girl's eyes," he says. "I wanted to make it perfect." Between his exacting work ethic and his popularity with female costars, Shimiken was quickly earning 50,000 to 60,000 yen (\$420 to \$505) a shoot and sometimes filming up to 21 scenes a week. Suddenly, he was a mascot of sorts for an unapologetic, unflagging Japanese masculinity that so many social commentators were eager to declare extinct.

"I believe a talent like Shimiken is some-

thing that only comes around every 10 to 15 years," says the director Michiru Ayashiyama. "I believe he's a bridge to the future of AV and also a bridge from AV to the outside world."

"Most men in Japan don't actually want to think of themselves as grass-eaters," says Endo, the expert in Japanese sociology. "Groups of grass-eating guys who spend time together never meet any women, so they always want to have a 'meat-eating' friend in the mix who gives them access to women." Shimiken, with his roaring libido, may be playing the part of proxy wingman to an entire generation of men. And yet it's possible his importance is greatest to Japan's undersexed women. In response to the phenomenon of grass-eating men, culture watchers have observed the phenomenon of *nikushokukei joshi*, or "meat-eating women," who have picked up the slack by aggressively pursuing sexual gratification. Some of these carnivores are Shimiken's biggest fans. Back at Tokyo's Japan Adult Expo, Wakasugi has just finished coating Shimiken—now in full horny-reindeer regalia—with a thick gloss of Vaseline. As he takes the stage, a group of twentysomething women break through to the front. "We love Shimiken!" says one, who came from four hours away. This is the 20th time she has seen him in person. "I love that he has such raw sexual energy." Her hand reaches out to hover half an inch from his biceps. "And I love that he is faithful to his fetishes. He's loyal to his perversions."

She grabs her friend, insistent that I fully understand the reason for their rabid fandom. They pantomime some of Shimiken's porn signatures, including "Shimi-cun," his trademarked cunnilingus technique, a virtuoso combination of shifting his head up and down while lolling his tongue from side to side. Shimiken, posing for picture after picture nearby, somehow seems like the least perty person in the room. A slender young woman in a headband and a plaid dress shuffles from the front of the line and into his arms, then hurries away to show her friends the photo. She works at the film-review board, an agency that oversees the placement of the pixelated "mosaic" over the genitals in all Japanese pornography, part of an archaic Meiji-era decency law that has spawned an industry in its own right. She spends her days watching AV, marking time codes for the censors. During those viewing sessions, Shimiken made an impression. "I've seen him so many times, I feel like I already know him," she says. Her coworker agrees. As Shimiken flexes and thrusts his

Desperately Seeking Swordsmen

Inside Japan's sex crisis

61

PERCENTAGE OF UNMARRIED MEN AGES 18 TO 34 WHO ARE NOT IN ANY KIND OF ROMANTIC RELATIONSHIP, PER A 2011 SURVEY FROM THE NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF POPULATION AND SOCIAL RESEARCH



13 million: Estimated number of unmarried people in Japan who live with their parents
3 million: Number of those between the ages of 35 and 44



27: Percentage of Japanese men in relationships who have sex less than once a week



\$157 Amount the average Japanese consumer spent on porn in 2011
\$45 Amount the average American consumer spent in 2011

= 100K

SEVEN HUNDRED THOUSAND
NUMBER OF HIKIKOMORI, YOUNG JAPANESE SHUT-INS, ACCORDING TO A CABINET OFFICE REPORT

143:1

RATIO OF FEMALE AV ACTORS TO MALE AV ACTORS IN JAPAN, ACCORDING TO SHIMIKEN'S ESTIMATES

33
Percentage decrease in Japanese population expected by the year 2060 if the current birthrate remains stable

TWENTY-FIVE

Percentage of Japanese men ages 16 to 24 who show no interest in sex, according to a 2013 study by the Japan Family Planning Association

FORTY-FIVE

Percentage of Japanese women ages 16 to 24 who show no interest

hips, she drops to her knees to snap a picture of his crotch and sighs: "I think I know him better than my own boyfriend."

SEVERAL DAYS AFTER THE AV EXPO, SHIMIKEN sails into a restaurant in Tokyo's Nishi-Azabu neighborhood—the kind of place with silk tablecloths and staff who buzz around with earpieces to take note of famous arrivals—wearing sneakers and toting a duffel bag. The waiters greet him by name. Today was a light day: By noon, he had taken a new porn star's virginity. By three, he had wrapped a niche scene that centers on girls consuming huge jugs of water before penetration (loose translation: "the act of pleasurable bladder-control loss"). Shimiken unfolds his napkin, waves off the cocktail list, and orders a green tea and the tasting menu.

"Have you heard the phrase 'the nail that stands out gets hammered down?'" he asks, referring to a traditional Japanese adage that drawing attention to oneself can lead to persecution. "Even now, I worry about it."

Shimiken earns up to 2,800,000 yen

(\$23,573) a week. He owns five cars, including his Audi and a 1980s gull-wing DeLorean, and frequents Tokyo's best restaurants. But still, he admits, following his dream has cost him in very real, if intangible, ways. "I've never had a normal relationship," he says. "It has always ended horribly." He used to date costars, even in defiance of industry nonfraternization rules, but these days he avoids it. "It's my belief that you can't be a pretty girl in this industry and also be happy. This business uses pretty girls up until they feel they have no value and they quit."

Mid-meal, Shimiken also reveals that he had a fleeting taste of normal life that lasted several years but crumbled—he was once married, and he has twin daughters. Now his ex-wife and 6-year-old girls live far up north in Japan's Hokkaido region. Shimiken says he tries to visit them whenever he can, but he worries about what his presence will do. He fears his daughters will be teased because of his taboo vocation. "One day, I'll tell my daughters that Dad has chosen a career that makes many people very happy," he says. "I'll

tell them I do something that brings peace to many people." But if they ever wanted to follow in his footsteps? "I would absolutely stop them. Without hesitation."

As the final course arrives, he offers a clarification: "I have no regrets about my career. This is where I was meant to be." But, he maintains, "the reality is that porn is mostly a shitty place filled with shitty people. I'd just like to be a light among the shit."

The Japanese have a word, *karoshi*, that means death by overwork, an affliction widespread enough to spawn government studies and public-service announcements. So far, there is no record of its claiming the life of an AV star. Shimiken, for his part, seems determined to carry on full-throttle for as long as he can, even if reinforcements never arrive to relieve him. As we settle the bill, he starts to get animated, talking about the latest trend in Japan: elder porn, featuring XXX actors over 60. He will keep doing what he's doing forever. Or as long as he lasts. "Until I die," he says emphatically. "I will be doing this until I die." ■

THE SOFTER SIDE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARTIN VALLIN



Bottega Veneta



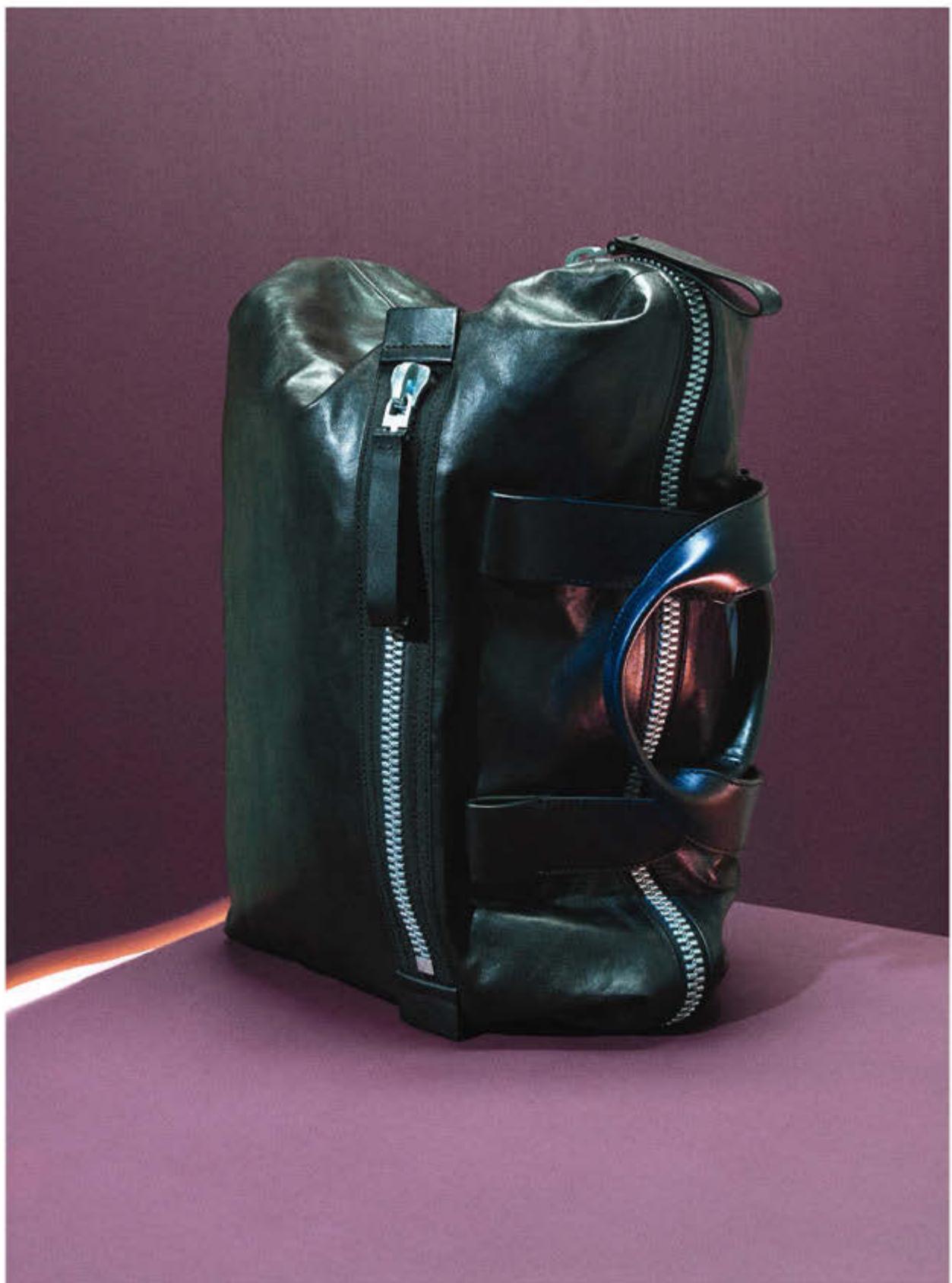
Gucci



Burberry Prorsum



Louis Vuitton



Lanvin



Tod's
Set design by Johan Svenson/LinkDetails.

THE STRANGE (AND SECRETIVE) WORLD OF

When it comes to buying property, the Bay Area's tech titans like to do things differently than their überwealthy peers in Los Angeles and New York City. Their operating system is to keep the dealings under the radar—using shell corporations to snap up their neighbors' homes (to create a personal buffer zone) and to transform a suburban downtown district to match a mogul's whims. Their houses can seem almost humble to passersby, but it's the over-the-top luxury you'll find behind closed doors and in extravagantly built-out basement bunkers that really counts. Just as with hoodie-wearing college dropouts, don't be fooled by modest exteriors.

BY MAX CHAFKIN



THE PROTOTYPE Steve Jobs lived in this unpretentious Tudor-style house in Palo Alto from the mid-1990s until his death in 2011.

SILICON VALLEY REAL ESTATE



PHOTOGRAPHS, FROM LEFT: NICK STERN/WENN.COM/NEWS.COM;
©JEFF STEINBERG/CELEBRYHOMEPHOTOS.COM/PACIFIC COAST NEWS.

THE NEXT GENERATION Mark Zuckerberg paid \$7 million for this Victorian in Palo Alto—located just two miles from Jobs' residence—then used a series of shell companies to buy the houses of four of his neighbors, for a total of more than \$40 million.

C

CONGRATULATIONS! YOU JUST SOLD YOUR

tech company for billions of dollars. You've disrupted your industry, vanquished your competitors, made your venture-capitalist backers even richer. Now it's time to say good-bye to your hacker housemates—you're going to want a spread that reflects your newly acquired position, a grown-up home that shows you've arrived without, you know, *making a big deal out of it*. Because here in the Bay Area—where flower power was born and even the most amoral tech innovations

fer zone? Popularized by Mark Zuckerberg, this savvy real-estate strategy has subsequently been employed by a growing cadre of moguls. The Facebook founder bought his first house—a Victorian with an outdoor fireplace and a saltwater pool that sits on less than half an acre in Palo Alto's Crescent Park neighborhood—for \$7 million in 2011. Later he learned that a local real-estate developer was about to purchase the \$4.8 million house abutting his back yard. This might have set a dangerous precedent, so Zuckerberg swooped in and bought that house—paying the developer \$1.7 million to give up the claim—along with the houses of three of his neighbors (two on either side of his rear neighbor, the other next door to his own home), which weren't even listed at the time. Pierre Buljan, a real-estate agent who's been selling homes to Silicon Valley's newly moneyed since the 1980s, speculates: "He didn't want a developer advertising, 'Come live near Mark Zuckerberg.'"

Of course, Zuckerberg himself didn't go knocking on his neighbors' doors. The purchases were handled by Ioniq Capital, a firm founded by Divesh Makan, a Goldman Sachs broker turned tech-world fixer. Ioniq reportedly deployed a series of shell companies to snap up the other three houses bordering Chez Zuck, making offers that only a fool

last year that Mayer planned to throw her annual Halloween party there, a neighbor posted an anonymous open letter on Palo Alto Online: "While on the surface it seems like . . . a mortuary is a perfect place to create a haunted experience, it is also a place where many of us said goodbye to our loved ones. . . . Your neighbors, your community, your friends have had to deal with some of the saddest and hardest experiences in their lives, in the exact spot where you will now be celebrating." Things are different in Southern California, where Musk paid \$6.8 million for a three-bedroom house across the street from his \$17 million, 20,000-square-foot palace in the Bel Air section of Los Angeles, prompting Trulia's real-estate blog to speculate that Musk would either "build an even more over-the-top mansion, or . . . raze the existing home and create even better views and privacy for his current home." In Los Angeles, such blatant extravagance is not only common but expected; in the Bay Area, it'll only cause you headaches.

In order to avoid public attention and keep from running afoul of the strict zoning rules in Silicon Valley (which sometimes limit above-ground building footage), some tech moguls are digging deep to find innovative ways to branch out—namely, by expanding underground. A 3,000-square-foot basement

FACEBOOK'S FOUNDER BOUGHT FOUR OF HIS NEIGHBORS' HOUSES. "HE DIDN'T WANT A DEVELOPER ADVERTISING,

must be masked in altruistic, world-changing terms—it's all but mandatory for the megawealthy to thumb their noses at status signifiers. Remember: hoodies instead of suits, hybrids over Lambos, and angel investments in lieu of a new yacht. Expressing your taste through real estate is going to require the same careful calibration. Your überwealthy peers in Los Angeles and New York City can safely sequester themselves in gated hilltop communities and luxe high-rises without inviting a raised eyebrow—but not you. Flaunt your wealth here and it'll come off as poor form to your fellow tech titans while arousing the ire of your new, rigorously civic-minded neighbors, who've had it up to here with you and your kind sending real-estate prices into the stratosphere. At best, they will shun you. At worst, they will camp out in front of your house and heckle you.

So here's a suitably modest proposal: Why not splurge on your own personal buf-

would refuse, ultimately paying up to three times the market prices of the properties, for a total outlay of more than \$40 million. And the pièce de résistance of this strategy was that Zuckerberg allowed the previous owners to stay right where they were—as his tenants—thus providing himself with the loyal neighborly protection of a gated community while preserving the illusion of indifference to the luxe life.

A similar pattern is repeating itself up and down the San Francisco peninsula and points south. Yahoo's CEO Marissa Mayer and Tesla and SpaceX's CEO Elon Musk have both recently "pulled a Zuckerberg" (as the *Silicon Valley Business Journal* put it), albeit with mixed results. Mayer paid \$11 million for the Roller & Hapgood & Tinney Funeral Home, the oldest mortuary in Palo Alto, one block east of her current 5,600-square-foot home, which she landed in 2005 for the early-bird-special price of \$1.8 million. But when word got out

expansion with high ceilings, a full bar, a movie theater, and a gym has become "standard," says David Kelsey, a cofounder of Peninsula Estates Group. Facebook's COO Sheryl Sandberg also opted for the subterranean splendor of a basement, as part of her 9,210-square-foot concrete-and-glass mansion on one of the biggest residential plots in Menlo Park. "The Facebook bunker," as the *Daily Mail* called it, reportedly features a basketball court, a wine room, and a waterfall.

The buying frenzy that pushed median home prices in the Bay Area to double-digit increases last year has prompted some Silicon Valley bigwigs to become real-estate developers in their own right, remaking whole towns to suit their tastes and needs. Anne Wojcicki, the cofounder of the genome-profiling company 23andMe and the estranged wife of Google cofounder Sergey Brin, recently confirmed to the *Los Altos Town Crier* long-running rumors that she and Brin

have been quietly buying up tens of millions of dollars' worth of commercial real estate near the home they shared until recently in the elite exurb of Los Altos Hills. The couple have filled their newly acquired storefronts with handpicked tenants who reportedly pay below-market rents, thus making it all but impossible for rival developers to compete. As a felicitous by-product, their high-minded brand of gentrification has helped divert attention from news reports of Brin's affair with a Google employee while bestowing on Los Altos—the onetime ticky-tacky suburb where Steve Jobs built the first Apple computers in his parents' garage—a handcrafted downtown lined with businesses tailor-made for the couple's two children. New retail options include Bumble, a combination farm-to-table restaurant and playroom, and Area 151 DTLA, an arcade filled with video games that "promote teamwork."

Taken altogether, these moves are upending conventional notions of real-estate excess in Silicon Valley, which has long had a complicated relationship with outward displays of wealth. Jobs credited the airy, no-frills design of his boyhood home with having helped inspire the creation of Apple. His parents' modest tract house, designed in the mode of Joseph Eichler—the developer behind California's answer

credibly emulate. Zuckerberg is richer than Sheldon Adelson, Carl Icahn, and George Soros; Jan Koum, the relatively obscure 38-year-old Ukrainian-American programmer who founded the messaging service WhatsApp, has a net worth of \$7.2 billion, according to *Forbes*, which rivals that of Jobs' at the time of his death in 2011. It's no surprise, then, that the 21st-century tech boom has led to an identity crisis among the freshly minted elite—many of them half a generation younger than Sandberg and Musk—as they struggle to figure out where and how to live. Money, of course, equals power, and those who obtain that power tend to wield it in similar ways, no matter how it appears. "My Orwellian analogy," says Eventbrite's CEO

LITTLE HOUSE IN THE VALLEY The house in Los Altos Hills owned by Google cofounder Sergey Brin and his estranged wife, biotech entrepreneur Anne Wojcicki.



people have had their heads in their computer screens for so long," says Bryan Murphy, the president of Peninsula Custom Homes, a high-end construction firm that builds mansions in the Bay Area. "They've got a lot of money but not the social etiquette. They're trying to state that they have arrived without looking like they just got there."

"We've become educators," says Ken Fulk, a 48-year-old interior designer who counts Yelp's CEO Jeremy Stoppelman and Zynga's cofounder Mark Pincus as clients. "We do everything for them. We dress them, we decorate, we buy their toothpaste." (Fulk's default dental detergent: the licorice-flavored Italian brand Marvis, though "I'm not averse to Crest," he hastens to add, in an apparent concession to the Everyman aesthetic.) After hiring Fulk, clients are presented with a survey asking them to list their favorite movies, their heroes, and their sleeping preferences. Then he delivers a fully outfitted home, complete with furniture, lighting, and every conceivable accessory (including postcards, tote bags, and a custom-cocktail menu delivered with a stocked bar). "I want to help people create experiences for their friends," he says. "It isn't just 'Come to my cool house and look at all my toys.' Because then it could create a bad nouveau riche moment—some cheesy Russian-oligarch thing."

'COME LIVE NEAR MARK ZUCKERBERG,' " SPECULATES ONE VETERAN SILICON VALLEY REAL-ESTATE AGENT.

to the Levittowns—"was the original vision for Apple," Jobs told his biographer, Walter Isaacson. "I love it when you can bring really great design and simple capability to something that doesn't cost much." The man who once famously declared, "It's more fun to be a pirate than join the navy," while creating the Macintosh computer in the early 1980s, always held fast to his outsider ethos—which once got him fired from his own company—even after returning to power and transforming Apple into the world's most valuable company. He rarely deviated from his avant-normcore uniform of dad jeans, black mock turtlenecks, and New Balance running shoes and spent the last two decades of his life in a 5,800-square-foot Tudor-style home in Palo Alto set close to the curb, in full view of the street. That house is just two miles from Zuckerberg's buffer zone.

The modest design for living that Jobs promoted has become increasingly difficult to

Kevin Hartz, "is that the animals have taken over the farm. We have to make sure we don't turn into pigs."

THIS NEUROTIC OBSESSION WITH WEALTH, set against a backdrop of social mores that militate against ostentation, also plays out inside the home. Hence the burgeoning industry of retail therapists dedicated to helping the newly rich surround themselves with class-appropriate accoutrements. Facebook's initial public offering—one of a dozen or so high-profile IPOs over the past few years, along with that of Twitter, LinkedIn, and Tesla Motors—created more than 1,000 instant millionaires. The company's earliest employees, mostly young men in their twenties and thirties with little experience beyond the cloistered world of tech startups, walked away with hundreds of millions, and in some cases, billions, of dollars, with no apparent idea how to spend it. "These [tech]

With companies like Google and Facebook offering free gourmet meals, community gardens, sleep pods, and adult play areas, many wealthy techies are opting for urban homes that serve up escapist environments that "feel like spas and hotels," says the interior designer Kendall Wilkinson, whose résumé includes commissions from top tech executives and investors. Wilkinson says her clients are asking for coffee bars and so-called *Mad Men* rooms ("Like a smoking room without the smoke") in their offices to mimic the new decor of their homes, where many are requesting wine cellars that aren't actually in the cellar. She recently designed one for a top executive at a major public technology company—a modern glass case full of bottles that's visible from the family room. "It's more of an art wall," she says.

When they venture out to socialize, wealthy techies gather at places like The Battery—a luxe members-only club in San Francisco's

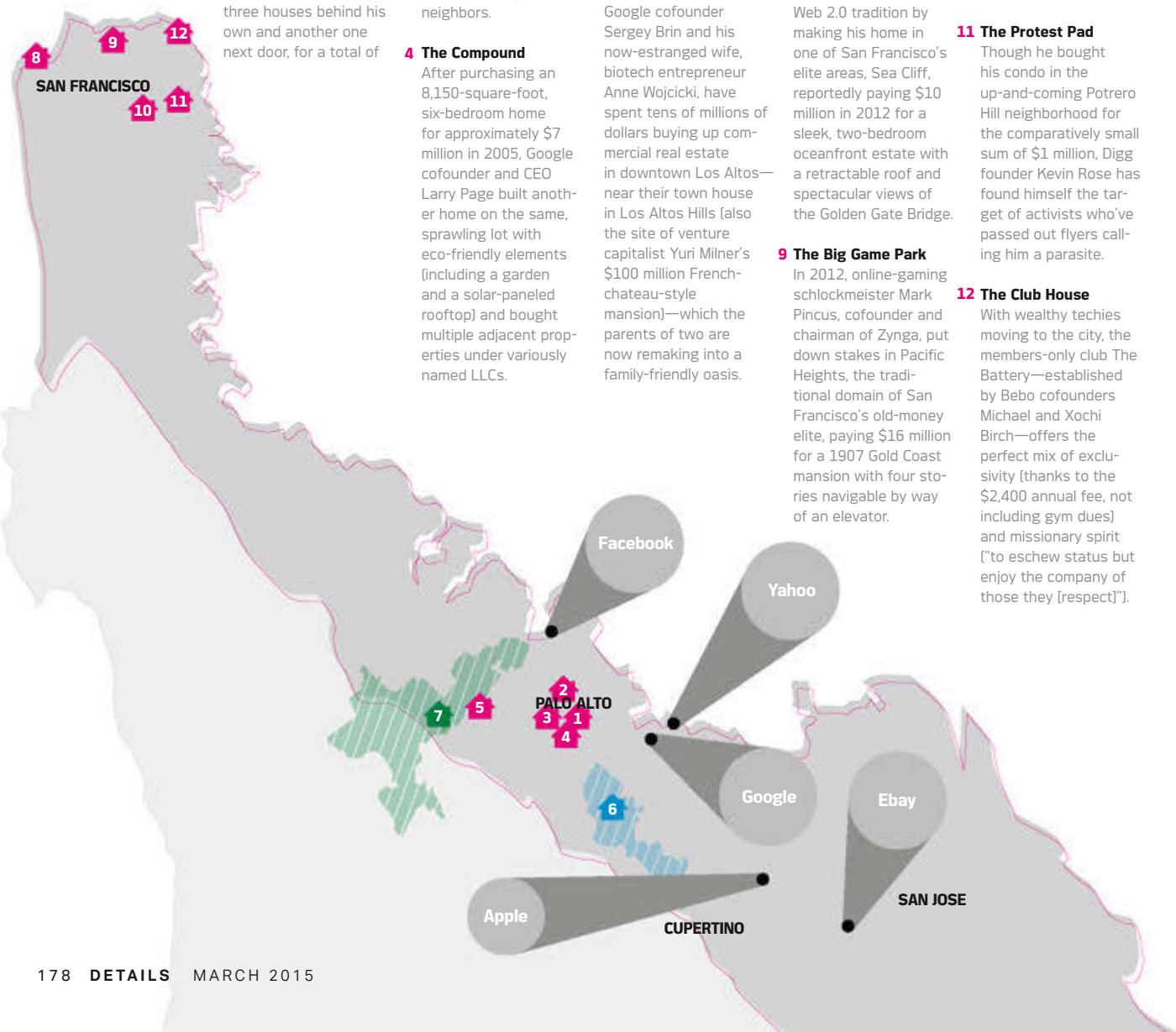
financial district that was started by the Bebo cofounders Michael and Xochi Birch (who sold their company to AOL for \$850 million). It promotes “diversity and intelligence” and promises “to eschew status” while charging \$2,400 per year (not including health-club dues). The Battery is also a client of Fulk,

who, while a master of humblebrag design messaging, is not exactly hesitant to honor the wishes of a client who wants to go big.

In fact, Fulk presided over the visual elements of perhaps the splashiest demonstration of Silicon Valley wealth and vanity ever: the Facebook angel investor and Napster

founder Sean Parker’s *Lord of the Rings*-like wedding in Big Sur, two hours south of Palo Alto. Parker—who reportedly owns a \$55 million mansion in Beverly Hills, a \$20 million town house in New York City’s West Village, an estate in Marin County, California, and a crash pad in San Francisco—wound up

THE SILICON VALLEY STAR MAP



1 The Model Home

Steve Jobs lived in a remarkably modest 1930s Tudor-style house from the mid-1990s until his death in 2011.

2 The Buffer Zone

Mark Zuckerberg bought his first house in 2011 for \$7 million; when developers started sniffing around at neighboring properties, the Facebook founder bought the three houses behind his own and another one next door, for a total of

more than \$40 million, and then let the current residents stay on as his tenants.

3 The Crypt-as-Crib

Yahoo CEO Marissa Mayer dropped \$11 million on Palo Alto’s oldest funeral home (just down the street from her 5,600-square-foot house), where she reportedly threw her annual Halloween party for tech elites last year, upsetting some neighbors.

4 The Compound

After purchasing an 8,150-square-foot, six-bedroom home for approximately \$7 million in 2005, Google cofounder and CEO Larry Page built another home on the same, sprawling lot with eco-friendly elements (including a garden and a solar-paneled rooftop) and bought multiple adjacent properties under variously named LLCs.

5 The Underground Lair

The savviest addition to Facebook COO and *Lean In* guru Sheryl Sandberg’s 9,200-square-foot Menlo Park abode? The ultraluxe 2,750-square-foot basement expansion—dubbed by insiders “the Facebook Bunker”—which reportedly features a movie theater, a gym, and a waterfall.

6 The Tailor-Made Town

Google cofounder Sergey Brin and his now-estranged wife, biotech entrepreneur Anne Wojcicki, have spent tens of millions of dollars buying up commercial real estate in downtown Los Altos—near their town house in Los Altos Hills (also the site of venture capitalist Yuri Milner’s \$100 million French-chateau-style mansion)—which the parents of two are now remaking into a family-friendly oasis.

7 The Old Standbys

Once considered the most desirable residential spots in Silicon Valley, the semirural towns of Woodside and Atherton are wealthier than ever and still home to major players like Oracle ex-CEO Larry Ellison and Intuit cofounder Tom Proulx.

8 The Retro Retreat

Twitter cofounder and Square CEO Jack Dorsey followed pre-Web 2.0 tradition by making his home in one of San Francisco’s elite areas, Sea Cliff, reportedly paying \$10 million in 2012 for a sleek, two-bedroom oceanfront estate with a retractable roof and spectacular views of the Golden Gate Bridge.

9 The Big Game Park

In 2012, online-gaming schlockmeister Mark Pincus, cofounder and chairman of Zynga, put down stakes in Pacific Heights, the traditional domain of San Francisco’s old-money elite, paying \$16 million for a 1907 Gold Coast mansion with four stories navigable by way of an elevator.

10 The Fixer-Upper

In 2013, Zuckerberg paid a record-breaking price for residential real estate in the Dolores Heights section of San Francisco when he purchased a run-down pied-à-terre for \$10 million, then began spending many millions more on renovations; the constant presence of construction crews has raised the ire of his neighbors.

11 The Protest Pad

Though he bought his condo in the up-and-coming Potrero Hill neighborhood for the comparatively small sum of \$1 million, Digg founder Kevin Rose has found himself the target of activists who’ve passed out flyers calling him a parasite.

12 The Club House

With wealthy techies moving to the city, the members-only club The Battery—established by Bebo cofounders Michael and Xochi Birch—offers the perfect mix of exclusivity (thanks to the \$2,400 annual fee, not including gym dues) and missionary spirit (“to eschew status but enjoy the company of those they [respect]”).

spending more than \$4.5 million on his nuptials, not including a \$2.5 million settlement paid to a state agency because he lacked the proper permits. Such unapologetic showiness makes Parker the exception that proves the rule. "It was extraordinary," Fulk, sounding wistful, says of the wedding. "One of those Citizen Kane moments that will never happen again in our lifetime."

THE BAY AREA'S WEALTHY HAVE TRADITION-ally ensconced themselves in estates in semirural towns like Woodside and Atherton and in the coastal neighborhoods of San Francisco (Pacific Heights, Presidio Heights), home to the city's old-money families and the rare Web 2.0 mogul who isn't afraid to flash cash, like the Twitter cofounder and Square CEO Jack Dorsey. (Dorsey reportedly spent \$10 million in 2012 for a two-bedroom home in tony Sea Cliff that features a retractable roof and a spectacular view of the Golden Gate Bridge.) The wealth generated by the second tech boom is now spreading across the city—and developers can't build condos

you're sitting there coding for an hour."

Even Zuckerberg, following in the footsteps of his newly affluent underlings, is getting in on the urban-pioneer act. The Facebook founder is fixing up a rundown 5,500-square-foot detached four-bedroom pied-à-terre built in 1928 at the edge of the once-gritty-hip Mission District, in Dolores Heights. Real-estate agents pegged its value at perhaps \$3 million; Zuckerberg threw down \$10 million (apparently it wasn't on the market)—a record-breaking price for the neighborhood (even before you factor in the renovation, which will wind up costing him many millions more). "He could have gone to Pacific Heights, but he wanted to be in a normal neighborhood," Pierre Buljan says. "To get that, you have to pay a premium."

As Zuckerberg and his ilk push into traditional middle-class neighborhoods, they're bumping up against some of the more unpleasant facts of urban life, namely that it resists attempts to create buffer zones. Even as San Francisco has grown rich, inequality is extremely high, creating a pervasive and

with the renovation—protected by an army of advisers and a 24-7 security detail—and activists are turning to more vulnerable targets. Last year, a populist protest group, the Counterforce, assembled in the up-and-coming Potrero Hill neighborhood in front of a condo owned by Digg's cofounder Kevin Rose, a partner at Google Ventures at the time. The activists passed out flyers with a smiley face, Rose's name, and the word PARASITE written in giant letters. "Kevin directs the flow of capital from Google into the tech-start-up bubble that is destroying San Francisco," the flyer said. "We are the ones who serve them coffee, deliver them food, suck their cocks, watch their kids, and mop their floors." The blog kevinroseisaterribleperson cited Rose as "not just another techie asshole, but rather a meta-leech funding and profiting off the gentrification of San Francisco."

Rose, who declined to comment, is certainly rich by normal standards, but in the world of Silicon Valley megawealth, he doesn't even rate. He paid about \$1 million for his three-bedroom, 2,000-square-foot

"THESE TECH PEOPLE HAVE GOT A LOT OF MONEY BUT NOT THE SOCIAL ETIQUETTE," SAYS THE HEAD OF ONE HIGH-END CONSTRUCTION COMPANY. "THEY'RE TRYING TO STATE THAT THEY HAVE ARRIVED WITHOUT LOOKING LIKE THEY JUST GOT THERE."

fast enough, mostly in the former industrial district south of Market Street, where Twitter, Yelp, Uber, and Pinterest have offices. In February 2014, new-construction inventory was down 82 percent from the previous year, which has helped fuel a rush on single-family homes in unassuming residential enclaves such as Glen Park and Noe Valley.

In contrast to once-scruffy neighborhoods like downtown Los Angeles and the Williamsburg section of Brooklyn, which attracted artists first and then well-heeled envoys of the creative class and the I-bankers who wanted to party with them, San Francisco is being gentrified by entrepreneurs and tech workers, says Bruce Brugler, a managing director of the Presidio Group, a San Francisco money-management firm. "The big enabler was the buses," he says, referring to the Wi-Fi-equipped shuttles that Google and other tech companies began using to bring employees from San Francisco to their suburban campuses in the mid-2000s. "The knock on San Francisco was what a drag it is to haul yourself down the 101. Now you jump on the bus and

ever-widening sense of injustice among longtime residents. In 2013, anti-gentrification activists, who noticed that apartment evictions tended to happen near the shuttle stops used by the Google buses, began regularly protesting along the routes, prompting Salesforce.com's CEO Marc Benioff, a longtime San Francisco resident, to warn his fellow moguls that while "our industry by nature is disruptive . . . we are being disruptive to the city." KPIX, the local CBS station, called Zuckerberg's Dolores Heights outpost Fort Zuckerberg, after homeowners complained about his use of jackhammers and security guards. Some also claimed that Zuckerberg (whose reps declined to comment) was paying college-age employees to sit in parked cars overnight in order to hold parking spots for the construction crew. The unrest led Salon to ask: "Is Mark Zuckerberg the homeowner from hell?"

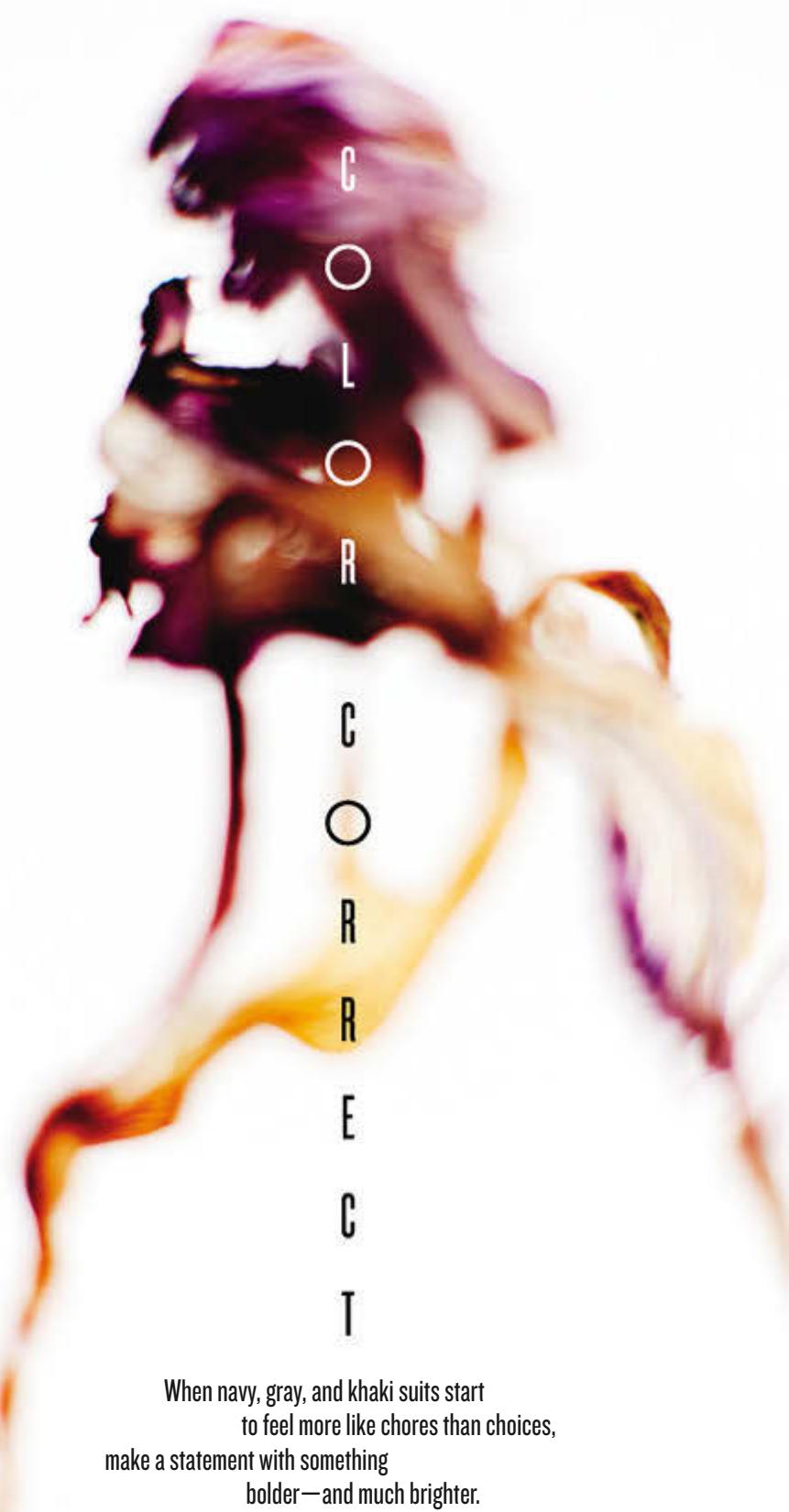
The tech titans moving into these areas had hoped to live a regular life among the locals—and this is the gratitude they get? Nevertheless, Zuckerberg has pressed ahead

condo in 2011—roughly equal to the current median home price in San Francisco. His entire home could comfortably fit in Sheryl Sandberg's basement. Earlier this year, Rose left Google to concentrate on a new software company, North Technologies, which has just five employees and is based in a modest office not far from his home. The company recently raised \$5 million from Google and others—not bad for a member of the city's freshly minted upper-middle underclass.

So, if there's one lesson to glean from the titans who have come before you and made their real-estate dreams a reality, it is this: Protect yourself. You are now a member of Silicon Valley's ruling class; it's time you acted like it. If you play your cards right—say, by hiding your cash behind a wall of shell companies and a modest house (or four) in the burbs or walling off your city block with huge construction crews and intimidating security guards—the haters will never dare come to your door. And anyway, they'll be out of here soon enough. More moguls are moving in all the time. ■

Suit and shirt by Versace. Loafers by Santoni.





When navy, gray, and khaki suits start
to feel more like chores than choices,
make a statement with something
bolder—and much brighter.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BILLY KIDD
STYLING BY MATTHEW MARDEN

Dolce & Gabbana



Suit by Dunhill. T-shirt by Mr. Matthew.
Espadrilles by Santoni.





Suit by **Dsquared2**. Shirt
by **DKNY Men**.
Loafers by **Church's**.



Suit and loafers by **Brioni**.
Shirt by **Louis Vuitton**.

A full-page photograph of a male model sitting on a high-top stool against a black background. He is wearing a vibrant red double-breasted suit jacket over a light blue button-down shirt. His trousers are also red, with a visible white cuff at the ankles. He is wearing black leather loafers. He is leaning forward, resting his left hand on the stool's seat and looking down towards the camera.

Suit by **Burberry Prorsum**.
Shirt by **Baja East**.
Loafers by **Pierre Hardy**.

Suit by Etro.
Shirt by Sandro.



A fashion photograph of a man with a beard and long hair, wearing a vibrant purple suit and a white shirt with a colorful, abstract print. He is standing in a field of flowers, looking off to the side. The background is dark.

Suit by Berluti. Shirt by Missoni.

Suit, shirt, and tie by Tom Ford.
Loafers by Santoni.

Hair by Martin-Christopher Harper
at Platform Creative using Oribe Hair Care.
Grooming by Claudia Lake for
Mally Beauty Face Defender.
Casting by Edward Kim at The Edit Desk.



THE RAPID RISE (AND RISE AND RISE)

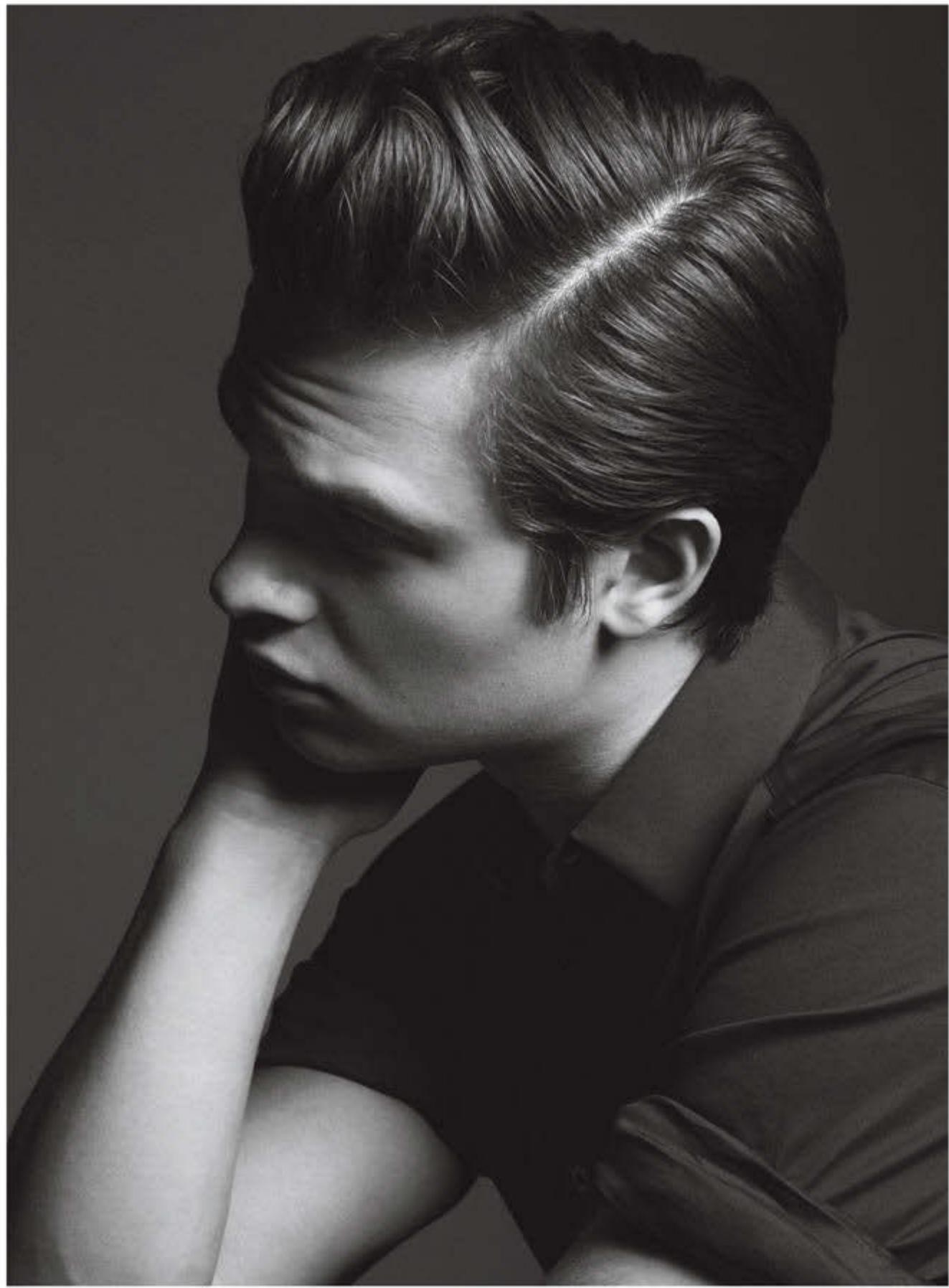
OF
ANSEL
ELGORT

Barely out of his teens, the actor has already parlayed a pair of YA best sellers turned blockbusters (*The Fault in Our Stars* and the *Divergent* series) into fast-growing next-generation fame—millions of tween devotees, a massive Twitter following, serious success as an EDM artist—that could keep him in the spotlight for decades.

BY HOWIE KAHN | PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARK SELIGER | STYLING BY MEL OTTENBERG







This page: **Prada**. Previous page: Jacket and pants by **Prada**. Shoes by **Church's**. Socks by **Turnbull & Asser**.

j.ust

BEFORE CHRISTMAS, ON AN EMPTY PLAYGROUND BASKETBALL COURT IN THE WILLIAMSBURG SECTION OF Brooklyn, Ansel Elgort hits jump shots from 10 feet, then 15, then 20. He takes a step behind the free-throw line, squares up, rises, and drops another perfectly arcing shot through the hoop. “I want to dunk in the game,” he says, eagerly grasping the ball at chest level with both hands. “I want people to know I can do it.”

Two years ago, Elgort was the starting center for New York City’s LaGuardia High School of Music & Art and Performing Arts, the singing, dancing, theater-geeking inspiration for *Fame*. “The best kid on the team was the trombone player,” he says. But now, after starring in a pair of 2014 teen-idol-minting blockbusters, *Divergent* and *The Fault in Our Stars*, Elgort, 20, is intent on sharpening his skills for his first nationally televised contest—a rite of passage for any young celebrity who can adequately handle both the rock and the gale-force bursts of adolescent attention.

He’s talking about the NBA All-Star Celebrity Game at Madison Square Garden in February, an annual exhibition whose past MVPs include Justin Bieber, as if it’s the game of his life. “I’ve been training, doing plyometrics, working on my legs,” says the six-foot-four native New Yorker, flashing a grin that’s both playful and knowing. “I want to dunk on Kevin Hart.”

Wearing jeans, high-tops, and a gray Nike sweatshirt, Elgort catches a pass and pops in a slo-mo left-handed layup. “It’s important to be good with both hands,” he says. It’s also critical, Elgort explains, not to get cocky with a lead like he did last year playing one-on-one with his *Men, Women & Children* costar Adam Sandler. “I went hard at him right away, before realizing he’s Adam Sandler, not just a guy, and I probably shouldn’t destroy him. Then he got in a rhythm and beat me.” Elgort wouldn’t repeat the mistake. “When we played again,” he says, “I kicked his ass.”

For all the talk about posterizing Hart and slaughtering Sandler, Elgort doesn’t come across as macho so much as striving and self-assured. Even his form on the court betrays a cool confidence, a willingness to ease into things. Despite hitting multiple shots in a row, Elgort doesn’t announce that he’s on fire or making it rain. Instead, he quietly glides from spot to spot, like in a team drill, hands out, ready to receive the next pass and make good on it.

He could have just dunked: peeled off his sweatshirt, turned his cap around, charged through the paint, and thrown one down—hard—replaying a moment he has Instagrammed to his 4.2 million followers before (he has also occasionally Instagrammed his abs). Finally, Elgort picks up the pace and explodes toward the hoop. He takes two big strides and lifts off, soaring

to the rim before . . . finessing a finger roll into the basket. "I'm not just going to start jamming out here," Elgort says, smiling as he tucks his hands inside the cuffs of his sweatshirt. "You need to warm up first."

Onscreen, too, there's a sense that Elgort is still just getting loose. Playing Augustus Waters, the James Dean of adolescent cancer patients, in *The Fault in Our Stars*, he has already flashed the kind of dramatic chops that later, with the subtraction of SMS romance and the addition of several birthdays, win adults Oscars. Honing his stroke, Elgort went emo again in Jason Reitman's *Men, Women & Children*, playing a high-school quarterback who quits the team, deeming it and most everything else in his life meaningless, before overdosing on pills. Both roles portend even more nuanced ones, and bigger things, to come. "Ansel looks and feels like a young Brando," Reitman says.

Elgort begins to dribble with increasing purpose as a pack of first- and second-graders amass around the playground's gates. They're shrieky, collectively bouncing, wearing little hooded puffer coats. Before they can rush us, their teacher instructs us to leave. It's recess. Dunking will have to wait. "I think they're a little young to recognize me," Elgort says.

Later, when we head into the Jingle Ball at Madison Square Garden, the screams are all for him. A wall of sound meets Elgort's chauffeured SUV at the stadium's curb, cries of *Ansel! Ansel!! ANSEL!!!!* The decibels rising, the pitch sharpening. The exclamatory wails running the emotional gamut, from desperation to hope to—*ANSELLLLL!!!!!!*—joy. It feels like an IRL rendering of Elgort's Twitter feed, where many of his 2.5 million followers engage him constantly. They beg for his attention: *Follow me, Ansel. I would die if anything happened to you, Ansel. I would die if I MET you, Ansel.*

Wearing glitter and braces and pink beanies, all the Anselites come into focus, and Elgort works the rope line. He crowds in for selfies and hugs before entering the arena to introduce performances by Ariana Grande and Calvin Harris, whose success Elgort hopes to emulate as his EDM alter ego, Ansolo (more on him, and his deep house sounds, in a beat). At one point, Elgort leaves the backstage VIP area to watch the show with his dad, the fashion photographer Arthur Elgort, and his mom, the opera director Grethe Barrett Holby, in the crowd. "People saw me and jumped out of their seats," Elgort says. "Everyone started rushing over. Security could not stop them."

From Elgort's privileged vantage point, just nine months removed from being a teenager himself, this is what rising stardom looks like. And he's quickly growing into it. Categorically, 20 feeds on contradiction. It's dependent and independent. Raging idealism clashes with new responsibility. Base humor and emerging wisdom butt heads. One day—July 31, 2014, if you're Ansel Elgort—you can tweet, "To the guy standing behind me on the escalator. I farted, and I am truly sorry." The next—August 1, 2014, for Elgort—you can express yourself as the kind of public figure you see yourself becoming someday but also, very much and very intensely, as the man you are right now: "Doing something you don't love is difficult. Doing something you do love

is easy. Try to make your living doing something you love."

Watching his parents, Elgort understood this edict from an early age. He also realized "something" can, in fact, mean many things and that creativity combined with talent is a gateway to the experiential breadth he craves. As a kid, Elgort took ballet, acting, and voice lessons. He played trumpet and taught himself piano. He won competitions for painting tiny, fantastical soldiers. "Warhammer," he says proudly. "Twenty-four-millimeter scale." Starting when Ansel was 5, Arthur brought him on shoots for *Vogue*, photographing him alongside top models like Stella Tenant and Karolina Kurkova, while Holby cast her son in operas. "One was called *Animal Tales*, with a libretto written by George Plimpton," Elgort says. "I was a frog who couldn't jump."

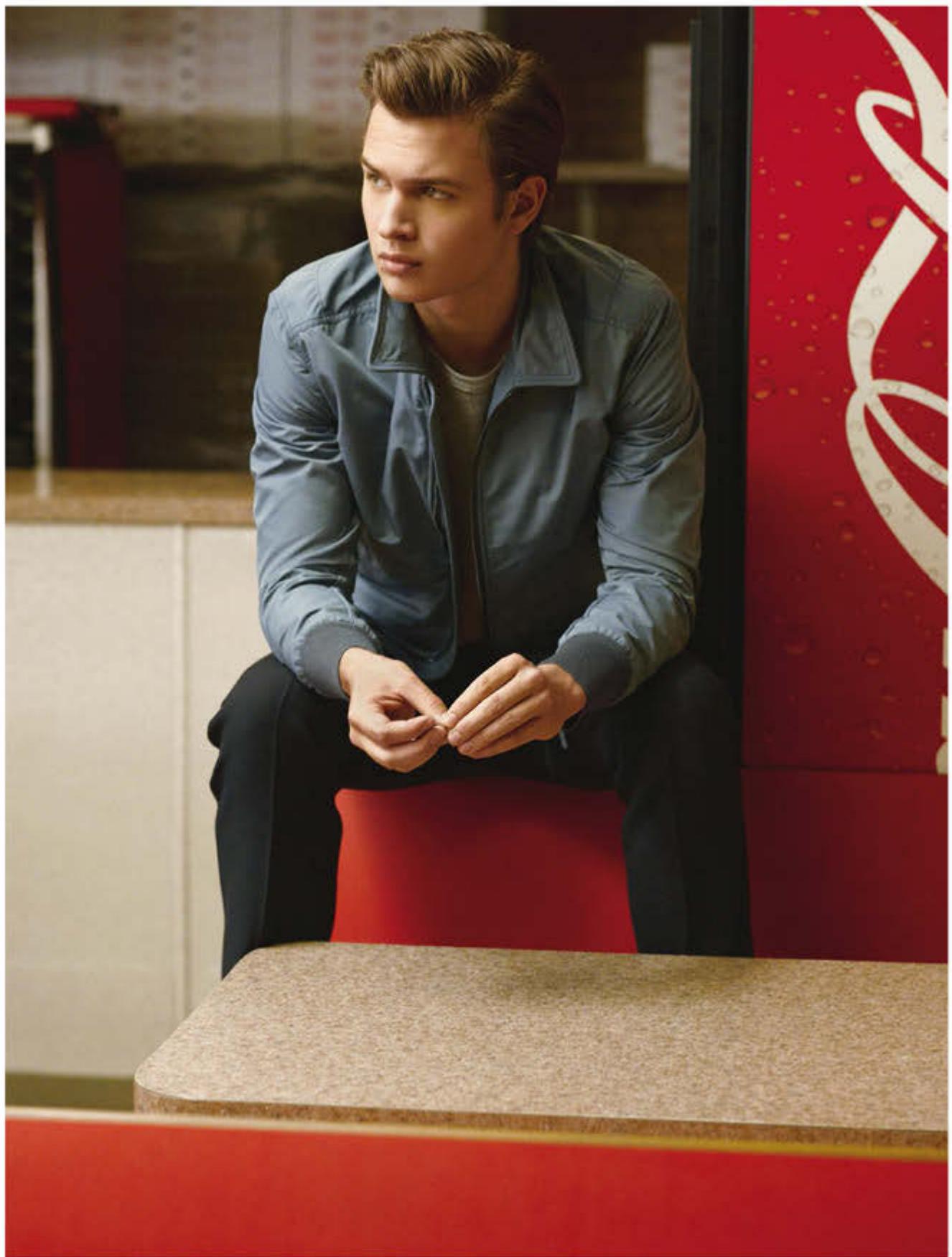
He has made nothing but huge leaps ever since. A manager spotted Elgort in a December 2011 high-school production of *Guys and Dolls* and, soon after, had him cast in the director Kimberly Peirce's 2013 remake of the horror classic *Carrie*, playing the prom king. "I hadn't even graduated from LaGuardia yet," Elgort says. "I could tell everybody who was saying, 'You're making a mistake, go to college,' that I wasn't making a mistake. I missed graduation to shoot."

THE WEEK AFTER THE JINGLE BALL, ELGORT, ALWAYS PROMPT, IS WAITING FOR me outside a Williamsburg record store. He's clutching a skateboard and wearing a crisp Knicks strapback cap. "So much has happened since the last time I saw you," he says, speaking as Ansel and Ansolo, articulating that both performers are in high demand. "Man, I can't believe how much has happened."

Elgort should probably get used to both speaking this phrase and feeling the feelings that come with it, which, for now, include disbelief, gratitude, and an eagerness for more. Today, his happenings consist of getting back together with his high-school girlfriend after a five-month hiatus ("I was doing okay," he says of being single, "but I knew something was missing, and I was like, 'Oh, that's love'"), spending time with Jay-Z at Taylor Swift's birthday party, and announcing the nominations for the 2015 SAG Awards with Eva Longoria in Los Angeles. Further, he's in discussions, and reportedly will soon sign on, for starring roles in two upcoming movies, *November Criminals* and *Baby Driver*. Prada has cast him in its spring advertising campaign, prominently featuring his likeness in jeans and a sweater vest, pensively peeling an orange. And Ansolo has landed his biggest gig yet, playing Miami's Ultra Music Festival, a prime event on the EDM circuit, in March.

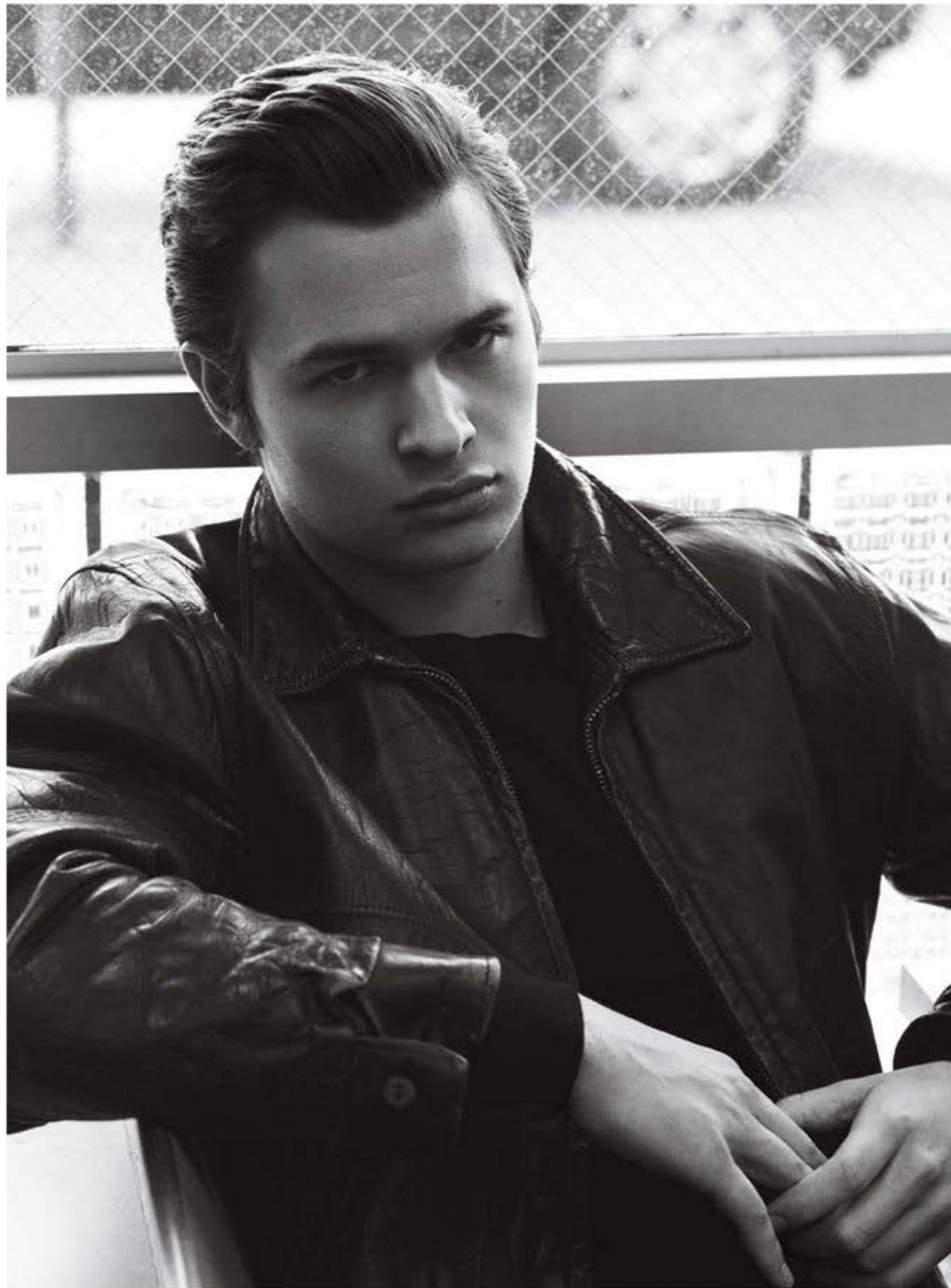
Inside the music store, with its monklike clerk and its vintage-vinyl fragrance, Elgort thumbs through LPs in the curated Afrobeat section. He flips over the price tags on a few pieces of retro hi-fi equipment—a Harman Kardon receiver, an Optonica turntable—none of which seem to hold as much weight as his iPhone. Songs are playing in the store, but the place, which is older than both Elgort and Ansolo combined, maintains the hushed solemnity of a temple. Elgort comes across a Diplo record. "I should get my stuff in here, too," he says, amazed to see the DJ mixed in among the classics, before shuffling across the room

A wall of sound meets Elgort's chauffeured SUV at the curb, cries of *Ansel! Ansel!! ANSEL!!!!* The decibels rising, the pitch sharpening. It feels like an IRL rendering of Elgort's Twitter feed, where many of his 2.5 million followers beg for his attention: *Follow me, Ansel. I would die if anything happened to you, Ansel. I would die if I MET you, Ansel.*



Jacket by Lanvin. T-shirt by Rag & Bone. Pants by Dior Homme.

Jacket by **What Goes Around Comes Around**. Sweater by **Dior Homme**.
Hair by **Thom Priano** of **Garren New York** for **R + Co**. Grooming by **Claudia Lake** for **Mally Beauty Face Defender**.
Production by **Ruth Levy**. Shot on location at **Korner Pizza, Brooklyn**.



to where something has caught his eye. Elgort reaches for the copy of *Pin Ups*, David Bowie's 1973 album of covers, and sizes up the singer at 26: his glam mullet, his heavy makeup, his piercing gaze. "This guy's eternal," he says. "I wonder who from today will be eternal?"

Shailene Woodley, Elgort's costar in *Fault* and *Divergent* and its sequel, this month's *Insurgent* (not to mention the franchise's two-part conclusion, *Allegiant*, the first of which is due in 2016), believes the answer to that question is none other than the baby-faced guy who asked it. She's not, however, sure about the medium. "Ansel is not just an actor," she says. "He's a musician and a producer. He can paint miniatures and dance like a motherfucker. If he wants to act forever, then he's going to. If he wants to be a musician, he's going to be a musician. If he wants to climb Mount Everest or become a professional hang-glider dude, then that's what he's going to end up doing."

For his part, Elgort talks mostly about finding new ways to stay creative. He discusses the craft of acting more than the business of it, and when he does talk business, and role selection, it's so he can ultimately find his way back to his craft. "That's one reason I want to buy a house now," he says, exiting the record store and snapping a photo of a real-estate listing on Bedford Avenue. "So I can have my place and not worry about money. Then I can do plays. Do Broadway. Make whatever movie I want and not feel like, 'Well, I have to pay a mortgage and take this job and that job.' The minute you start thinking, 'I don't want to do that, but it'll make me money,' is when you start fucking yourself. I don't want money to ever drive my career. I want my career to be driven by what I want to do in art."

A little while later, at brunch, Elgort appears to be eating for two (an omelet and cinnamon toast followed by a cheeseburger and a salad in a single sitting) as he explains the birth of Ansolo. His beat-dropping alter ego emerged a couple of years ago, shortly before he worked on *Carrie*, out of a need for autonomous artistic expression. "I just make whatever music I want," he says. "It's my obsession, and it's very fulfilling."

There's no cultural hyphenate that elicits more skepticism than celebrity-DJ. But Elgort, who identifies as a producer, quickly dispels any stereotypes. He's not in it for the party drugs or the bottle service ("I don't really drink," he says). He's not in it to lazily lay a finger on a turntable while collecting gratuitous appearance fees. And he's no fan of velvet ropes. "The club scene is terrible," he says. "I love playing places where it's about having a good time, not about whose dick is the biggest."

EDM ethics aside, the more important thing here is this: Ansolo (the nom de nightlife comes from Warren Elgort, who bestowed this Han Solo riff on his younger brother as a kid) has a sound that's connecting with audiences, contemporaries, and majordomos alike. Notably, starting last spring, Ansolo released his first recordings on Size, the label founded by Swedish House Mafia's Steve Angello, with more tracks, and plans for an album, in the pipeline. Angello, whose face would be on EDM's Mount Rushmore if there were one, sees even greater glory

ahead. "I don't know anybody else in the world who's succeeding so strongly in one profession and wants to start over, from Step 1, in another," he says. "And Ansel's not falling into EDM because it's popular. He's great at making music. He's more talented than a lot of guys in the scene. As long as he maintains the drive, the sky's the limit."

Watching Ansolo live can be disorienting. In a video he shows me of his recent performance at Echostage in Washington, D.C., he keeps jumping, like a human piston, perfectly oiled. He thrusts his hands up, up, up. Up, up, up. Up, up. He twirls in tight circles. Waves his fingers like blazing guns. Shifts back and forth, adjusting knobs and levers, becoming the beat. Ansolo's body language suggests he's having more fun doing this than anybody else has ever had doing anything. "It's an hour and a half of bouncing around and smiling like that," he says. "It was my happiest moment in music. It was the first time I felt like, 'Wow—people are here to see me, people are excited to see me.'"

AFTER WE FINISH EATING, ELGORT HAS TO RUSH TO MANHATTAN TO RECORD dialogue for the *Insurgent* trailer. Despite his two blockbusters, he insists on taking the subway. Among the straggling midday commuters, he goes unrecognized and becomes an observer. He cracks up watching a middle-aged lady apply perfume samples from a magazine directly to her face. He's confounded by the hipness of a chain of women clad in all black. Elgort talks about his father's career-retrospective show, currently on exhibition at a SoHo gallery, and how upset he'd been to miss the opening in favor of announcing the SAG nominees in L.A. "I actually cried," he says. "I left the decision up to my mom. But there's going to be many more tough decisions ahead."

Moving forward, Elgort will have to balance Ansel's shooting schedule, Ansolo's performances, and a personal life he'd like to keep relatively normal. And, although grateful for their love, he'll need to eventually graduate from his teen audience, shifting his skill and charm toward a more mature viewership, one that's hungry for the kind of art he longs to make. But for now, Elgort has the energy and desire to take on all of it, which is, perhaps, the great advantage of both his age and his disposition. "There's going to be time for everything," he says.

Hustling toward the recording studio, Elgort weaves on and off the curb and in and out of the tight spaces between the clusters of pedestrians. While telling me he has a handful of movie projects he can't really discuss in depth until contracts are inked, he pulls a classically boyish gag: a bait-and-switch shoulder-tapping trick on a wild-eyed and walrusy 300-pounder.

As the man bellows in Russian at everyone on the street and no one in particular, Elgort reaches around to his far shoulder, the one closer to me. Reflexively, the man spins in my direction as Elgort bolts up the block, on his way to lay down his voice on the teaser for a film with a nine-digit budget.

"Did I get him?" asks Elgort, still rushing up Broadway when I catch up to him a few seconds later. "Did he think it was you? That would have been awesome." ■

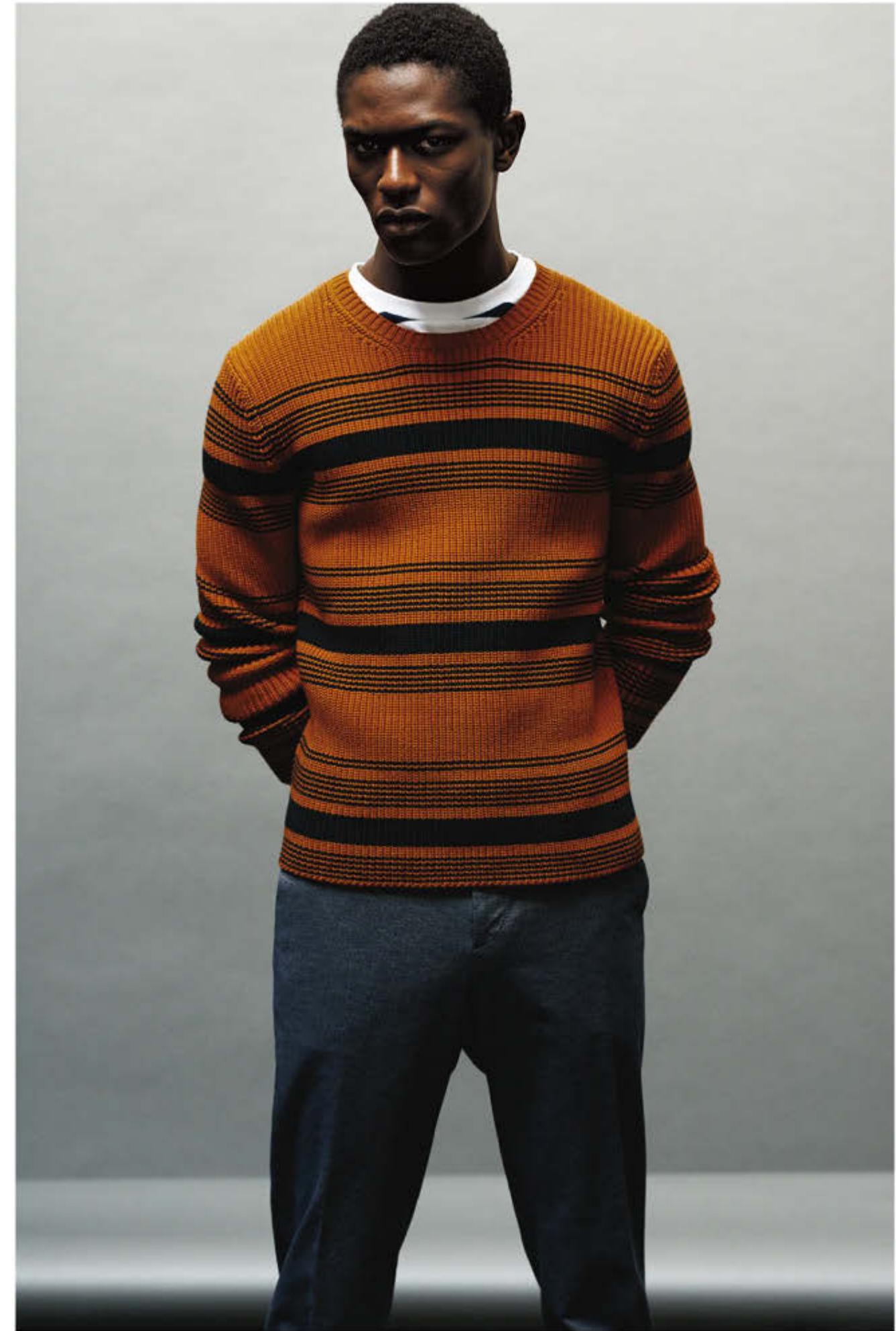
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WHO SAYS YOU CAN'T CHANGE YOUR STRIPES? THIS SPRING, DESIGNERS ARE REWRITING THE RULES—GOING VERTICAL, HORIZONTAL, INTERSECTING, AND ASYMMETRICAL TO CREATE LOOKS THAT ARE GRAPHIC, NOT GARISH. **PHOTOGRAPHS BY TETSU KUBOTA STYLING BY EUGENE TONG**

FALL
LINE







Sweater by Loewe. T-shirt and pants by Tommy Hilfiger.





This page: Shirt by Marni. Pants by Bally. Sneakers by Vans. Socks by Gold Toe. Opposite: Suit by Trussardi. T-shirt and polo by Givenchy by Riccardo Tisci.

Hair by Andrew Fitzsimons using Oribe Hair Care for abtp.com. Grooming by Caitlin Wooters for MAC Cosmetics. Casting by Edward Kim at The Edit Desk.





• Why You're Hearing About It

From March 13 to 22, more than 100,000 music snobs, film nerds, foodies, and tech geeks will crowd Austin for the South by Southwest Music Conference and Film Festival. Launched in 1987, "South By" is a bona fide cultural juggernaut: More than 1,000 bands will play (though big-name performers often aren't announced until just before they hit the stage), there will be high-profile speakers (Edward Snowden appeared via satellite last year), and attendees will experience the next apps that tech entrepreneurs hope the world can't live without.

SHOULD YOU

Go to SXSW?

• What the Experts Say

"I saw James Blake, Vampire Weekend, and Alabama Shakes there for the first time. I can't think of any other festival that offers that many new acts in one place over a week. If you're going there to discover up-and-coming artists, you should be in heaven."—Bob Boilen, cohost of NPR's "All Songs Considered"

• The Music World Is Skeptical . . .

"Even if you invest in plane tickets and the pass, there's still a chance you won't get into shows. It's not so much about music anymore—there are a lot of better places, and better festivals, to see bands."—Carrie Brownstein, Sleater-Kinney singer-guitarist and *Portlandia* star

• The Big Promise

SXSW puts you in the know (Twitter and Foursquare took off here). If you're well-connected enough to get into the last-minute shows (Jay-Z and Kanye last year) or okay with blocks-long lines, you'll see major acts—Prince, Foo Fighters, and Bruce Springsteen have played in the past.

• The Opposition

Everyone from journalists to long-time festivalgoers feels that SXSW has become too commercialized, with sponsors like Nike, Samsung, and Red Bull leveraging the festival's indie cred by slapping a #SXSW on every corporate-approved tweet. Last year, Lady Gaga's gig was sponsored by Doritos, which demanded that fans participate in acts of "boldness" to attend.

• ...But It's Still a Silicon Valley Hot Spot

"When I started going in 2002, it was mostly nerds, and big tech companies didn't bother. Now every start-up hopes to 'win' like Twitter. There are parties and exhibitions from global corporations. But it's still fun. The entire city turns into a party."—Biz Stone, cofounder of Twitter

• Let's Run the Numbers

92% of attendees visit for business, according to organizers.

\$1,745: Walk-up price for a platinum badge, which provides access to all events

62: Height, in feet, of Doritos' vending-machine stage in 2013

10% of 2014 SXSW-related tweets originated in Austin.



THE BEST OF THE REST

If you don't need your music, film, and tech events all under one tent, check out these alternatives.

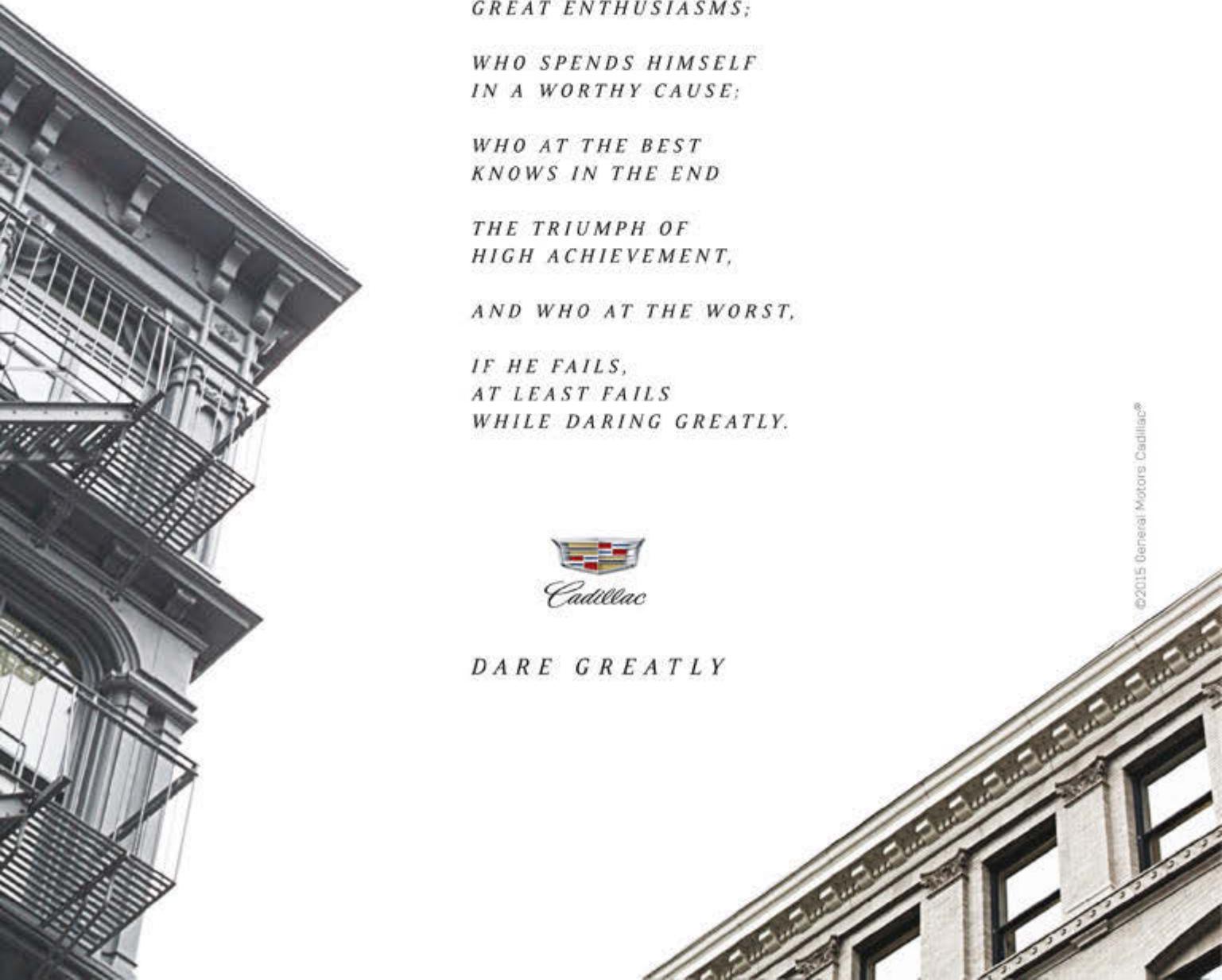
— **Instead of SXSW Music, try:** Levitation (Austin, May 8–10). Experience Austin stress-free at this lesser-known institution (formerly the Austin Psych Fest). Headliners include the Flaming Lips and Tame Impala.

— **Instead of SXSW Film, try:** The Chicago International Movies & Music Festival (April 16–19), which focuses on the intersection of film and music. Last year's performers included Yo La Tengo and EMA.

— **Instead of SXSW Interactive, try:** The 99U Conference (New York City, April 30–May 1). It's a hipper version of TED, tailored to creatives, where past speakers have included Twitter's Jack Dorsey and Warby Parker's Neil Blumenthal.

The Bottom Line

Swenson's right. Unless you're on an expense account, skip it. It's hard to stand out in the crowded tech scene, and you're better off waiting for April's Coachella (or any of the summer's zillion other music fests) to day-drink and hear bands without the hassle. Stay in and stick to the live streams.



*IT IS NOT THE CRITIC
WHO COUNTS;

THE CREDIT BELONGS
TO THE MAN WHO IS
ACTUALLY IN THE ARENA,

WHO STRIVES VALIANTLY;

WHO ERRS, WHO COMES
SHORT AGAIN AND AGAIN;

WHO KNOWS
GREAT ENTHUSIASMS;

WHO SPENDS HIMSELF
IN A WORTHY CAUSE;

WHO AT THE BEST
KNOWS IN THE END

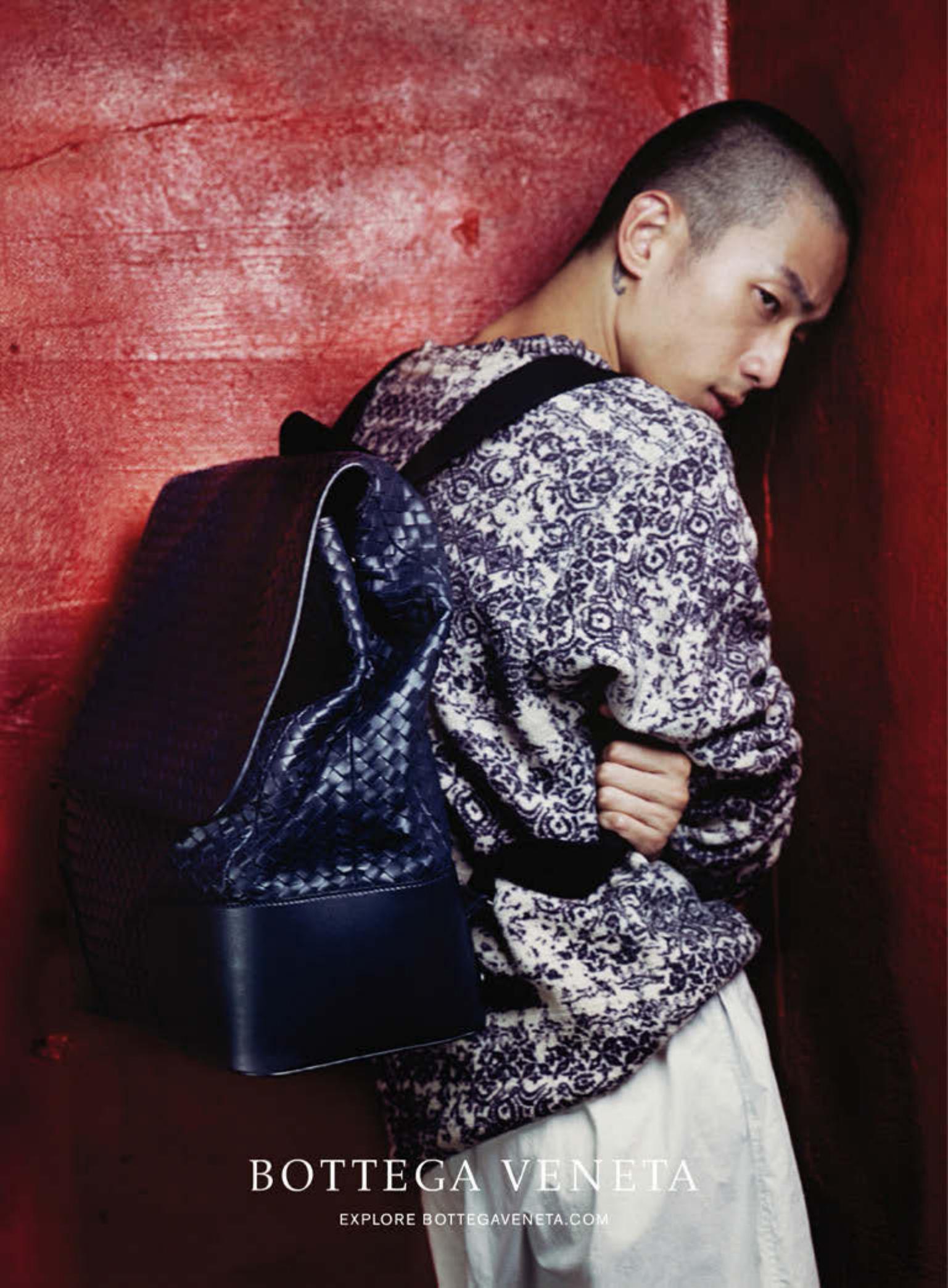
THE TRIUMPH OF
HIGH ACHIEVEMENT,

AND WHO AT THE WORST,

IF HE FAILS,
AT LEAST FAILS
WHILE DARING GREATLY.*



DARE GREATLY



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